

The Messenger

Rev T Appel DD
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"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

SUPREME RECTOR COELITUM.

Dread King, to Whom the Angelic hosts do cry,
Who trampled death 'neath Thy victorious feet,

And opest a path unto the glorious sky
Marked by Thy Blood; from the eternal feast
Where Thou, with the Life-giving Paraclete,
Sitt'st by Thy Father's side, look on us now,
Nor leave us comfortless: let our wants meet
Thy pitying eyes. Thy covenanted bow
Is left upon Thy path, and marks the clouds below.

Thou didst give birth to us with piercing throes,
And direct travail pains, while the dark tide
Of woes o'erwhelmed Thee and brought death's
repose;

Then the rude lance opened Thy bleeding side,
And thence was taken Thine own spotless
Bride,
The Mother of us all. From Thy calm shore
Send forth Thy Spirit of Truth, Who shall
abide:

Washed in Thy Blood, the Church shall Him
adore,
And Thee and Father Blest worship for evermore.
—From the Paris Breviary, I. Williams.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

RECONSTRUCTION.

In one of the most populous districts of our Reformed Zion, the great size of some of the charges has attracted the notice, and called forth the criticism, both of Classis and Synod. Reconstruction is the order of the day. The approaching sessions at Womelsdorf and elsewhere, are fraught with interest to clergy and laity alike. Long-existing pastoral relations are to be dissolved; different and smaller charges shall be formed; a new order of things is to be established.

It is generally conceded, that the present division of labor is disproportioned to the number of laborers. And it is equally felt by all, that, when possible, the several congregations in a charge should embrace contiguous territory. Justice demands, and successful ministration seems to require, that such should be the case. The theory is correct, and, under ordinary circumstances, admits of no exceptions. But, like all rules, its practical working depends upon a normal state of affairs. If this does not prevail, peculiar legislation is no less desirable than necessary.

In the district above referred to, we believe serious obstacles are still in the way of successful reconstruction. Heartfelt interest in the progress and development of our Church life, prompts us to call attention to a few of these.

I. The so-called independent movement is not yet wholly eradicated. Though there has been great advance upon the condition of things twenty years ago, the present generation will hardly see the end of the influence of that much-to-be-regretted era. It is not necessary to enlarge upon this point. But it is easy to see, that congregationalism and ecclesiastical unity do not go hand in hand. It has been said—and with reason—that the cause of home and foreign missions has suffered thereby. Let it be remembered, however, that many of these

people were trained not to give. It is a painful truth, that the pulpit itself once opposed such liberality. We are convinced, that the present pastors have done all in their power to change the current of popular feeling in this particular. And it is unjust, unbrotherly, and unchristian, to cast reproach upon them, as was done at Easton, for example. The evil influence of past mismanagement cannot be destroyed in a day. Much has already been done. When we reflect, that instead of positive opposition to Church authority, there is now at least passive acquiescence, we have reason to be encouraged.

II. The majority of these parishes have erected churches jointly with Lutheran congregations. Denominational zeal and enterprise has thus been impeded. Where there are these union churches, it is necessary that both the Lutheran and Reformed authorities go hand in hand in the proposed reconstruction. Otherwise the rulings of either will appear arbitrary, and the more conservative party will assuredly reap the benefits. "I make no distinction between Lutheran and Reformed." This is often the feeling. Inter-marriage and association Sunday after Sunday, have cemented this anomalous union. We need to be careful. Harshness, if even in appearance only, will not win.

III. Congregational and sectional jealousy is another obstacle. Less worthy of consideration, it is nevertheless a present power, which needs to be fairly considered. And unless the proposed centre of a charge is in each case acknowledged to be this deservedly, unless its qualifications for the honor are pre-eminent, such nominations will only add fuel to the flame. G. A. E.

For the Messenger.

FROM THE HOLY LAND.*

For some weeks past, I have been seeking an opportunity to write to you, but have been hindered by the strain of labor required in continuous travel. Now, for the first time in many weeks, I have a little leisure, as the vessel moves slowly along on the voyage from Beirut to Constantinople, and will improve it in addressing you a few lines at least.

And first of all, I am thankful to our heavenly Father, I can report I am now quite well, and have come thus far safely by sea and land. The journey has indeed been very fatiguing, and not without great danger; but thus far Mr. Good, Mr. Hoyt and I have been in the enjoyment of good health, with slight exceptions.

As you know, we were to spend the month of April in Palestine, and this we have now almost literally fulfilled. On the last day of March, we were on the vessel lying off Jaffa, ready to disembark, and thus enter the Holy Land. We found great difficulty, however, in getting ashore; for the sea was very rough, and the small boat in which we sat was tossed up and down, like an egg shell, upon the angry surf. And with all this, a heavy shower came on and wet us through and through. Once on shore, we were all huddled together in a dark cellar, named by courtesy, a custom house, and dripping wet, as we were, waited until our luggage was examined with "a silver key." Then we set off to a miserable hotel, the rain still falling, and torrents of water pouring down the narrow dirty streets.

This was our first introduction to the Holy Land. And on last Monday, April 28th, nearly one month afterwards, we prepared to embark upon this vessel at Beirut, thus leaving the shores of Palestine. But our leave-taking of THE LAND was very different from our entrance into it. The sea was moderately calm, and the beautiful town and harbor of Beirut, with the high peaks of Lebanon in the background, formed a beautiful picture indeed.

Between these two points, very much experience, as you may imagine, is crowded in. We spent nearly a week in and about Jerusalem, attending the grand ceremonies of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches, on Palm Sunday, in the church of the Holy

* The above extracts from a letter written by the Rev. Dr. Van Horne, to a member of his congregation, we are permitted to lay before our readers. They relate to matters in which they are doubtless deeply interested. The letter is dated April 30th, 1879, and was written on the steamer Jupiter, off Cyprus and Asia Minor. F.

Sepulchre. We rode on horseback down to Hebron, past Solomon's Pool, over the worst roads I ever traveled. In fact, they were no roads at all, only paths up and down the mountain sides, among the rocks, where the donkeys and camels pick their way. We were at Bethlehem and Bethany; at the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and bathed in them both. We were at Jericho, and Ai, and Bethel, and Shiloh, and Nablus, and Samaria, and Janin, and Jezreel, and Nain, and Shunem, and Nazareth, and Mt. Tabor, and spent two days by the sea of Galilee.

We then went by the Waters of Merom to Caesarea Philippi, and so to Damascus. And from there, we went to Baalbec, the most splendid ruin I ever saw, or ever read of; and finally, we came down the broad, beautiful valley from Baalbec, and, crossing the Lebanon mountains, reached Beirut, as I have described. You may judge that this was very tiresome, and we all feel thankful that it is safely accomplished.

And now I must inquire, how you are all getting along in "Old Race Street." I trust you have had good supplies; that the Sunday-school is flourishing, and that all the members are in good health. * * I remember you all, and trust I am remembered by you, as I wander on in these far distant lands. I hope, by a favoring Providence, to meet you all again in the renewal of our work as a congregation. * * I cannot tell just when I will return.

Your faithful pastor,

DAVID VAN HORNE.

For The Messenger.

REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE CHURCH IN VIRGINIA CLASSIS.

To the Reverend Classis of Virginia:

BRETHREN:—From the material furnished us in the Reports of the several pastors within the bounds of this Classis, in which they tell of their experiences and labors, we have reason to congratulate ourselves, and to give thanks to the God of all mercy and grace in His Son Jesus Christ.

Life has been spared, health preserved, strength renewed, mind held unimpaired, and heart cheered. Through ways oft-times dark and difficult, filled with trials, temptations, and hardships, have we passed, yet not alone and forsaken—God's word has counseled, His Spirit directed, and His grace sustained. In body and soul, in things temporal and in things spiritual, through prosperity and through adversity, God has been with us, controlling and blessing. Their experiences declare it, their labors, with their rich results, give proof of it. For this the Lord's name be praised.

With scarce an interruption the word has been preached, and as is manifest, in the power of God. In this the brethren give proof of a faithful ministry, not as unto the edifying and comforting of the saints only, but as convincing of sin, leading many to repentance and faith, so that they obeyed the gospel of Jesus Christ. This, again, finds its proof in the number added to the Church through the ordinance of Christ's appointment unto this end.

The unconfirmed have been instructed in the doctrines and duties of our holy religion, and so led to a public profession of their faith, and renewing and ratifying the vows made in their behalf at their baptism, were confirmed in the same, and received into full fellowship with the Church. Others have been reclaimed from the error of their way, who, for a season, had walked with us, but had forsaken the way of God. These have renewed the profession of their faith, and again feast with us at the Lord's table.

The sacrament of the body and blood of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, has been regularly administered, and the testimony is, that as the ordinance of God, it has been highly appreciated and more faithfully used by larger numbers than in years past. In all this, verily, we can see the approval of our ministry, and the spiritual growth of our people. Faithfulness and zeal are marked in the working of the several fields, and no less so, that the work has prepared in our hands, and given us results of which we need not be ashamed. There is not a pastoral charge throughout our bounds, that does not manifest a healthful life, and scarce one that does not promise much for the future. Indeed, in this regard, at least, the outlook is hopeful, and gives encouragement to all to

go back to another year's work with faithfulness and zeal, knowing, as we do, that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

But whilst we rejoice in this advance on the part of our several charges, it is with saddened hearts we listen to the story told by the Committee sent to explore the waste places of Zion just beyond our present limits. Shepherdless, their houses of worship crumbling into ruins, the people scattered, forsaken, it is indeed a sad tale they tell of spiritual destitution. Still cherishing, in sacred memory and affectionate regard, the holy men of God who long years since preached to them the word of life, and administered for them the signing and sealing ordinances of the Church, they had not forgotten us, though we had well nigh forgotten them, and welcomed with tears of joy him, whom we had sent to visit them. Much as our hearts within us burn for them, and much as we have the will to send unto them the true meat and drink of life, though it be to no profit to them, aye, perhaps condemnation to the Church, the most that we can do, is to say to them, Be warmed and filled, hoping that from some other source will come that which is needful.

More than this we must mourn. At our very doors, lying adjacent to every charge, are new fields open to us, ready for the workmen. This fact challenges us in nearly every parochial report. Fields promising much in the way of immediate result, invite, yea, urge us to labor. Must this, too, come in vain? Shall we not rather respond a hearty Amen? Aye, gladly would we go in and possess the land. The will we have, the men we have anxious for the work, but alas! the means are wanting. We have cast about in vain during this session of Classis, and now at its close no way is devised to meet these crying needs. Our several pastors are already taxed to their utmost in caring and providing for their own flocks, and so are helpless to take on them extra burdens; and no less our people, in aiding the work already begun. In behalf of those who cry to us; in behalf of this open field full of promise and ripe for the work, we appeal to the Church at large. Oh! Father in heaven, hear our prayer; for Christ's sake, and so inspire the hearts of those, whom Thou in Thy goodness hast made rich in this world's goods, that they may be made willing to give us of their wealth, in the glorifying of Thy name in the Valley of Virginia. To Thee, O God, we look, and hopeful, trustful, pray that Thou wouldst send the needed help right speedily. In this hope, and with this prayer, brethren, encouraged by the results of the past year, let us return to our homes with mind and heart set on another year's earnest, faithful labor in the Master's service. Let us prove ourselves true to our trust. Let us not weary in well-doing. Let us, thankful for past good, pray God's continued blessing upon us, whilst the glory and the praise be Thine, our Father, forever and forever.

Respectfully submitted.

J. A. HOFFHEINS, Chairman.

Selected.

THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD.

What has Providence meant in carrying forward all the years of human history according to a given plan? I believe that what God does He from the first intended to do. When I sat under Abraham's oak, at Hebron, I opened the Scriptures, and read that from a chosen man should spring a chosen family; and that from a chosen family should spring a chosen race; and that from a chosen race should spring a founder of a new religious empire; and that out of a chosen race should thus come a chosen religion; and that this religion should embrace the earth. There stood the prophecies on the pages which I opened under the Syrian skies. No one doubts that these predictions were written ages before the date at which they began to be fulfilled. They are numerous and full of details. Prophecies concerning the dispersion of the Jews, rationalism drops like hot iron every time it dares to discuss them. As I sat three hours alone under Abraham's oak, and read these statements concerning chosen man, family, nation, and religion, I could not but be impressed, I will not say with the feelings of supersti-

tion; but certainly with those of awe, and terror, and faith, and hope. I revered straightforward thinking, and looked at the page of history. I could not but say that these mysterious prophecies have come to pass. There was a chosen man. There was a chosen family. There was a chosen nation. There has come from that nation a chosen religion. It is spreading over the world. When I looked upward toward the sky, through the boughs of the oak, and remembered how under one of the progenitors of that tree Abraham entertained angels unawares, I could not but feel that human history, casting out its boughs in every direction,—in Asia, in Europe, in America, and in the isles of the sea,—is under the control of a mysterious providence, and that God, who has for three thousand and four thousand years so conducted human affairs as to bring into power a certain set of religious opinions, will go on doing that in time to come. I shall not, for one, drop into anxiety at any little reactionary eddy when I find that an irresistible gulf-current, bursting out of the tropics of human history, is moving in one direction, and has been so moving for thousands of years.

Fasten attention upon the day when Abraham sat under the oaks at Hebron, and the day when Paul went out of the Ostian gate to die, and upon our present day. Three points determine the circumference of any curve. Draw a circle through these three points—Abraham's oak, the Ostian gate when Paul went through it, and the present hour—and I will undertake to say that any man who loves clear ideas, and will stand at the centre of that historical circle, will be thrown into awe before the fulfillment of prophecy. I set no dates. Prophecy is, perhaps, never adequately explained except by its fulfillment. I will not attack the devout scholars who have lately in a prophetic conference discussed these topics with great learning and earnestness. Much mischief, no doubt, may come from mysticism on the topic of prophecy; but more mischief may come from our coldness, from our indifference on this theme, and from our unwillingness to look upon the absolutely overwhelming facts that prophecy has been fulfilled, that, as the past has been, so the future will be, and that as God has kept so He will continue to keep His word with us. The same mysterious predictions which have been fulfilled to the letter for four thousand years, foretell also the inswathing of the globe with a kingdom which now very nearly touches around it.—Rev. Jos. Cook.

"CHARITY MUST CONTROL CHARITIES."

But there is no doubt also that in this business of alms-giving each one of us may cry, *Peccavi*; and the Church at large should be quick to receive and profit by rebuke, though it be made stinging by unjust contumely and scorn. The good man wishes always to be improving his methods of benevolent action. And He who gave the concrete rule, "Sell that ye have and give alms," gave also the principle which is to modify and interpret the rule. The principle is that of enlightened love. Love is the fulfilling of the law of alms-giving as of all other laws for the practice of virtue. Charity must control charities; for the singular is the prime, and furnishes the essence of its own plural, commentators and objectors to the contrary notwithstanding. Jesus never marred the principle in giving the law. But we have to remember that the men of His day were too thick-skinned to profit by a gentle touch. If we are any more sensitive, it is because the truth which struck against them has since continued to rule humanity so hard.—Sunday Afternoon.

Philosophers tell us that every uttered word produces a vibration in the atmosphere: an ingenious theory has therefore been broached that these vibrations never entirely cease! If this were true, we should still be moving among the inaudible words of all our progenitors. This seems fanciful in natural philosophy; but there is a sense in which every uttered word *lives forever*. It lives in its influence on the speaker—in its influence on others. Paul's voice echoes still; millions of God's faithful messengers, being dead, yet speak!—Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.

Family reading.

DEATH AND LIVING.

Of a living stem
By Death is given:
'Tis but the ripened grain
By angel reapers 'torn
To store in heaven.

Say not that life is o'er;
Rather begun:
Death reigns and revels here
Yon is the deathless sphere,
Beyond the sun.

Say not the friendly tie
Is cut in twain:
Faith links us but the more
To loved ones gone before
With God to reign.

Say not dark is the tomb;
'Tis but a rest
Where weary pilgrims lie,
Till Jesus from the sky
Shall make them blest.

Say not we mourn our loss:
All tears are vain;
In heaven no tears may flow,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor woe
A place may gain.

Say not 'tis hard to part:
'Tis not for aye:
Each death-divided friend
We'll meet again, and spend
An endless day.

—Presbyterian.

ABOUT THE OLD SAXONS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Very, very long ago the whole of Northern Germany was called the land of the Saxons, and inhabited by a wild, daring race of people, of unbending courage, who held tenaciously to their old customs, and loved their freedom above all things.

They were divided into three branches, the one dwelling in the extreme west along the Rhine, the second in the extreme east on the Elbe deriving their names, Westfalen and Ostfalen, partly from their geographical position, partly from a word (*fal*) meaning light yellow, for they were distinguished by their light yellow hair, which they wore very long, falling around them something like the mane of a lion. The third branch inhabited the country between these two, and were called Angles. Their common name Sachsen, came from a peculiar sort of stone battle-axe attached to a wooden handle, called Sachs. In the hands of the Saxons, this battle-

axe was a formidable weapon, with which they cut down their enemies right and left, as they fought hand to hand.

They had no rulers; each head of a family being absolute ruler in his own house, and living upon his own land, over which he exercised full control. But the laws seem to have been made and delivered by an assembly of the people, held yearly, and no change could be made in the affairs of the nation without the consent of this assembly or council. One man had the charge of enforcing the laws when they had been put forth by the council, and it was his business to see that the laws were obeyed. This office, probably what we would call that of Governor, appears to have been hereditary, and its name, Billing, to have been used as a family name by those holding it, as well as for the official title.

The religious worship was as wild and terrible as were their manners and mode of life. Their principal god was called Wodan, and human sacrifices were offered to him upon altars of stone. These offerings were generally drawn from the prisoners who were taken in battle, it being their custom on returning from a successful expedition, to sacrifice every tenth man of the prisoners brought, the rest being held as slaves. On great occasions, as when they had suffered heavy losses, all the prisoners would be offered.

Three things were held by them in especial abhorrence—adultery, falsehood and cowardice. Any one who was proved guilty of either of these three crimes, was not considered worthy of an honorable death in battle, nor even of being killed by a weapon. The guilty persons were brought forward in presence of an assembly of their own people, their nearest relative first advanced and spit in their faces; if men, their weapons were taken from them, their hands and feet were then tied, and they were thrown into the river to be carried out of sight forever.

The Saxons were noted for their hospitality. A traveller, even though he might be an enemy, who asked for shelter and food, could never be refused, but would be cared for as long as he chose to stay, even till the last crust had been shared, and would then be escorted by his host to the nearest neighbor, that a favorable reception might be secured.

But though ignorant of all arts and trades, they understood the method of preparing an intoxicating drink, which they obtained from certain wild roots

and herbs of the forests; and every sacrificial offering to Wodan was followed by a banquet lasting sometimes several weeks, accompanied by rioting and reveling, attended with more or less fighting. Those who were slain in such riots were considered as having fallen in honorable combat, no guilt being attached to the murderers. The bodies were burned and the ashes buried.

On these occasions they also amused themselves with a sort of gambling, using for dice small square pieces of wood, having certain marks painted upon one side. Each player took up a handful of these pieces, shook them, and threw them up; the number of painted sides turned up in falling, decided the winning. The stakes might be a pair of cattle, a valued drinking cup, or a horse; a weapon, more valuable than either; and when all available property had been staked and lost, the player would not unfrequently stake his own dearly prized freedom, and if still a loser, would without a murmur enter the service of his antagonist. He would not resist, though he might be the stronger of the two; neither would he try to escape, though a hundred opportunities might offer, because his word had been given, and so great was the love of truth among this people, that his plighted word could not be broken even to preserve that freedom of which he was so proud. In all things were they thus steadfast to their given promise. Such was the strange mixture of vice and virtue among this wild, heathen race. The simple word of a Saxon was more to be relied upon than the strongest oath of a Roman.

When Charlemagne was ruler of the Franks, he was greatly troubled by these wild Saxon neighbors of his, who were always invading his dominions; plundering, murdering, carrying destruction everywhere, and were never at rest. He resolved to resist, and if possible to subdue them; partly to relieve his kingdom from their depredations, partly that he might convert them by force to Christianity. Then began a war which lasted for thirty-three years, carried on with great bitterness on both sides.

It was not till 805 that the whole Saxon people were subdued, and professed Christianity; the eastern and western portions having done so some years before. But having become Christians, they were as zealous in the cause of their new faith as they had been before in opposing it, and the people became as quiet and peaceful as they had before been turbulent.

One of these teachers was called Landolf, and was himself a Saxon, having been carried prisoner to the Frank country in his childhood, and had grown up in the Christian faith.

When the way was opened to carry the gospel to his countrymen, he was not slow in availing himself of the opportunity. He started off in a little boat intending to follow the courses of the Weser and the Oerze, taking with him only his Bible and Prayer Book, a few tools, a fisher's net, and food for several days. He proceeded on his way, living upon the fish which he caught, preaching as he had opportunity to the people he met with, until he came to a village belonging to Herman Billing, who was a chief man among his people, holding an office something like that of Governor. Landolf was received by him and entertained as his guest with true Saxon hospitality. The household willingly listened to the words of the new teacher, but even Herman could not give the authority for public teaching. This required legal permission from the great Council, which would not meet for several months; and in the meantime Landolf had to wait patiently, and do such work as he was able. In the household it was customary, when the evening fire was lighted in the great family room, for the whole family to gather around the father, who would then narrate stories of the heroic deeds of their ancestors, tell of the old legends which were handed down from father to son, and of the old manners and customs. When the people became Christians, this time was used for reading the Bible, and prayer, the legends and traditions coming in as secondary. As Landolf sat and listened, he soon obtained permission to take part in the story-telling, and told the old Bible stories, from both the Old and New Testaments. And such excellent memories did his auditors have, that these stories were soon repeated word for word, and circulated among the surrounding people. Sometimes he would sing a hymn, and it was not long before he was accompanied by the younger members of the family; and as he knelt to pray every night, for they had but one room for all, by degrees one and another would kneel with him to the Christian's God, as they expressed it.

Thus the winter passed away, and

in the spring the time came for the General Council to assemble, and Landolf accompanied his host to the place of meeting. He made his formal request for permission to preach and teach publicly, and after some demur he was allowed to address the Council, that they might hear what he had to say. At the close of his address one of the oldest men arose and proposed that the question be decided by lot. The little square pieces of wood were brought out and thrown, and the result being favorable, Landolf received permission to go where he would through the land and teach the people. His first church was built on the spot where stood one of the sacrificial altars, on land belonging to Herman. At the next Council laws were passed forbidding the use of horse flesh as food, human sacrifices, and burning of the dead, and ordering all trees sacred to Wodan to be cut down and destroyed. These four things being peculiar to these people in their heathen state, this act of the Council at the end of the first year shows how great a victory had been gained for the Christian faith in this short time.

A MISERABLE MAN.

Next to a male cow in a china shop, the most interesting object to contemplate is a man in a dry goods store waiting for his wife to get through with her shopping. Seeing her balance gracefully on one of the revolving stools at the counter, he essays the same feat, and only saves himself from sprawling on the floor by catching what he calls the "sideboard." Then he follows her to the next department, steps twice on her best silk, and falls over a small cash boy and nearly grinds him into a powder; and then he tries to look unconcerned while his wife smiles sweetly on a good-looking clerk, with his hair parted in the middle; when she mildly suggests to him that he may take the elevator to the fourth story and ask Miss Slawson, the dressmaker, which would look best on her new elephant's breath silk—vegetable ivory buttons or centennial buckhorn—then he starts for the door, and makes better time getting home than ever O'Leary did. And now he has had enough shopping to satisfy him a lifetime; while his wife says she is thankful he knows what her trials are!

OLD BUNHILL FIELDS, LONDON.

A half-dozen inquiries, a half-dozen

brought us to the old City Road running due north and south, which is comparatively quiet enough now, with its rather bygone sort of air, but in times past was a grand artery of the city. Opposite City Road Chapel lies the modest, quiet burial-ground—I cannot say burying ground, for I saw no vacant space; it was all a forest of gravestones. The day was not all smiling, but fitful and weeping, sun and shadow chasing each other over serried tombs. There are fresh, smart cemeteries with which the splendid beams of day are in keeping; but I felt that the tone of that day well harmonized with the gray and hoary spot we wandered over.

The yard, I should judge, embraced not three acres, yet we were informed by the quaint beadle that there were one hundred and twenty thousand graves, six thousand being marked by stones. But the very walks were tenanted underneath, the recumbent slabs forming a marbled foot-path for the visitor.

We needed not the assistance of the beadle to fix our attention upon a sculptured stone like none other near. It was a recumbent effigy hewn from Portland stone, life-size, and resting upon a base, altogether about five feet in height. Beneath this lay all that was mortal of the lowly tinker of Bedford. On the east face of the base stone was inscribed:

"John Bunyan, Author of Pilgrim's Progress, Oct. 31st Aug., 1688, Aet. 60 years."

On the opposite, a west side, we read: "Restored by Subscription, under the Presidency of the Right Honorable the Earl of Shaftesbury, May, 1822."

I was astonished to learn that the stone was, therefore, but sixteen years old; for so worn and weather-eaten was it that I should have judged it coeval with the sleeper's departure. On my remarking this, an intelligent English visitor, standing near, spoke of the want of durability of Portland stone, and its consequent unsuitability for building purposes or any necessitating exposure; adding that the splendid palace of Westminster, as Parliament House is called, is already suffering outward decay. Really I do not know that any stone should be expected to withstand the assaults of such a climate as we have had a specimen of since sojourning here. London abounds in splendid edifices of grand proportions and elaborate ornamentations, but all are marred by corrosions and weather-stains, and one must needs waive all consideration of color, and give his eye solely to questions of outline and

proportion, in order to undisturbed admiration of these magnificent structures.

On either side the tomb there was simply but skillfully cut in bas-relief a scene from the author's great work; in one, Christian, with his pilgrim's staff in hand, is bending sorrowfully under the grievous load strapped fast upon his shoulders; in the other, he has reached the foot of the cross, and, with eyes no longer fixed on the un pitying earth, but resting trustfully upon the cross, his burden has rolled to the ground at his feet, and he is free. Despised, persecuted, imprisoned in life, here, though lying for two centuries in the embrace of death, he doth draw men to him, wielding a power grander than the whole army of his enemies.—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

SLACK A LITTLE.

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Darling wife!
Why such breathless haste and hurry
All thy life?
Slack the vigor of thy striving;
Ere too late
Tell those monsters, Care and Labor,
Just to wait.

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Busy hand!
Slack thy rubbing and thy scrubbing;
Drop the sand.
Minister thy blessings slowly,
And the longer
Bind love's thousand precious tendrils
All the stronger.

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Weary feet!
'Tis a thorny road ye're treading,
Death to greet.
Slack your quick and fearless stepping,
Spare your strength;
Ye the golden streets of heaven
Shall tread at length.

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Precious heart!
Slack the fever of thy throbbing
Lest we part.
Thrill not thus with every sorrow,
Anxious ever,
Trembling like an angel lyre
Forever

Strung for high and holy pleasures,
Slack thy sorrow:
Heaven may wake those rapturous measures
Perhaps to-morrow.

Slack a little, Time—how fleeting!
Slack thy wing.
To my heart's long cherished treasure
Let me cling.

Go to Mirth, and from his chalice
Take thy pleasure.
Pillar wealth, and from his palace
Take his treasure.

Why such haste my night to bring?
Slack, oh Time, thy scythe and wing.
Slack a little! Slack a little,
Death, oh Death!

Vain thy strife and panting haste,
All out of breath.
See! she fears not thy approaching,
Thou hast no sting.

Clasp her! in thy cold embracing
She will sing.
Slack, oh death! How sure thy loss!
Thou wast conquered on the cross.

—H. Hamlin.

HEALTHY EMULATION.

There is an emulation that is unholy, and that gendereth strife, but there is also a laudable ambition that does no dishonor to God, and that worketh no injury to man. Paul mentioned to the credit of the Corinthians, that they "came behind in no gift." The gifts, and prerogatives, and advantages, of the most favored churches, they enjoyed, and in the case of many of the members of that church, whatever may have been true of others, they also exhibited personally, all the graces, and attainments, and excellences, of the Christian character. They would compare favorably with other churches around them. He named these things, not to flatter, but to encourage them. They came behind in no gift. Let them also see to it, that they came behind none others in their improvement of those gifts. Increased prerogatives increase responsibilities. Much will be required from those to whom much is given.

Much, too, has been given to us. Our privileges are great, and even extraordinary. All God's good and gracious gifts have been multiplied, and have been poured upon us in wonderful profusion. Have we duly improved them? As we are behind no others in advantages, and opportunities, and endowments, are we also behind no others in eminent personal holiness, in earnest devotion to the glory of our Lord, in active zeal for the extension of His kingdom, and the success of every good work? Have we that laudable ambition which has no sin, and that leads us to desire to excel, rather than come behind others, in cultivating the mind, in improving the heart, in doing good, in saving souls, in building up the Church, in glorifying God? Do we come behind in no gifts, and acquisitions, as individual Christians that can recommend us to God, and in no characteristics of intelli-

gence, piety, activity as a church, that are necessary to enable us to take and keep our proper place in the sacramental host of God's elect?—*Old Trinity.*

THE WAY THAT INTEREST GROWS.

Somebody found a bottle of wine at Pompeii, which has been buried just 1,800 years. Allowing its value to be but one cent, the interest compounded at seven per cent. brings its value in 600 years to the enormous sum, \$659,446,275,878,840, or in weight about 16,486,156,896 tons of silver. As it would double every ten years for the succeeding twelve hundred years, it is probable that the weight of silver at present would far exceed that of the whole earth.

The *Witness* suggests: "Who is to pay the interest? The delusion about sinking funds to pay off debts turns upon this point. The people are to pay the interest on the whole debt, and receive so much of it back again on a constantly increasing sinking fund, they are thus left precisely where they would be if they paid off one per cent. annually, or whatever amount was agreed on, without any sinking fund at all; or, rather, they would be better off in that case, for they would save the expense and risk of managing the sinking fund."

We would also suggest to habitual borrowers the meaning of mortgage—"death-grip," as it stands related to this matter. Let individuals, and above all, let churches keep out of debt. Pay as you go, and life will be brighter and numberless temptations avoided.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

BREAD SAUCE FOR A ROAST FOWL.—Chop a small onion fine, and boil it in a pint of milk for five minutes; then add about ten ounces of bread crumbs, a bit of butter, pepper, and salt to season; stir the whole on the fire for ten minutes. Do not let it boil.

CAMPBOR BALLS.—Clarify a pound of mutton suet and add to it three pounds of spermaceti, two of white wax and one of gum camphor, cut into very small pieces. Melt these together with gentle heat, and stir until the camphor is dissolved; then pour it into moulds. Good for rough hands. Try a smaller quantity.

HOW TO RESTORE THE COLOR OF LACE.—Lace may be restored to its original whiteness by first ironing it slightly, then folding it and sewing it into a clean linen bag, which is placed for twenty-four hours in pure olive oil. Afterward the bag is to be boiled in a solution of soap and water for fifteen minutes, then rinsed in lukewarm water, and finally dipped into water containing a slight proportion of starch. The lace is then to be taken from the bag and stretched on pins to dry.

CLEANING SILVER.—Dainty housewives may take their choice between these directions for cleaning silver which we find in our scrap-book: 1. Whiting applied with soft flannel and polished off with a chamois skin is the simplest and best possible manner for keeping silver bright and clean. 2. Take old and soft pieces of cotton cloth, dip a portion of one in sweet oil (lard will do), then apply the oiled cloth to some pulverized whiting and rub the articles well until the "black" is about off, then finish up with the other cloths, soft flannels or wash leather, chamois skin, or what you like best.

PLAIN OMELET.—Beat up three or four eggs with one dessert spoonful of parsley very finely minced, and pepper and salt to taste. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a frying pan; as soon as it is melted pour in the omelet mixture, and, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a spoon. The moment it begins to set cease stirring, but keep on shaking the pan for a moment or so, then with the spoon double up the omelet and keep shaking the pan until the under side of the omelet has become of a golden color. Turn it out on a hot dish and serve.

TO CURE AND DRY BEEF TONGUES.—For one dozen tongues make a brine of a gallon and a half water (or enough to cover them well), two pints good salt, one of molasses or one pound brown sugar, and four red peppers; bring to a boil, skim and set to cool. Pack the tongues in a large jar, and when the brine is entirely cold pour it over them and put on a weight, let remain ten or twelve days, take off, drain and hang them to smoke about two days, then dry moderately and put away in a flour sack in a dry place. When wanted for use boil six or eight hours in a pot filled with water, adding much more when necessary, so as to keep them well covered all the time until done; when done take out and set away to cool, but do not skin till needed for the table.

Miscellaneous.

MOTHER'S LETTER.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

A letter from mother, so precious and true!
And straight from the dear home so far, far
away.
It rests on my heart like the soft evening dew
Which falls with the last benediction of day.
O dear, loving lines, by a loving hand penned!
O letter so laden with mother's caress!
O love that is holier than lover or friend!
My heart overflows with its deep tenderness.
With eyes that are tear-wet, and tear-blind and
blurred,
I have read the dear lines that have comforted
me;
And my thoughts have flown out and beyond,
like a bird
In search of the home-nest far over the sea,
Oh, tell me, ye sunbeams that flicker and fall,
And dance on the meadows the long Summer
day,
Are ye shining as brightly, if shining at all,
On the hill-side and meadows at home far
away?
Then tell the dear writer whose letter I hold,
The mother whose love has e'en followed me
here,
And weave of thy glory a crown as of gold
To lay on the gray head so honored and dear.
And tell her that welcome, thrice welcome to me,
Is the letter so laden with mother-love sweet,
It has come like a blessing from over the sea,
Which my heart and my thoughts have flown
thither to meet.
—Churchman.

TUSCAN CIVILIZATION AND ARCHITECTURE.

Traveling in Europe with any movement is like visiting our Centennial Exposition in its mental exhaustion, and what is more, as the myriad memories evoked and the incessant reflections started on those that come from culture and trained study, the wider one's range in the knowledge of art, science, history, literature, religion, comparative politics and social development, the greater the strain and the more rapid the fatigue. An ignorant man might pass for days through galleries, historic sites, and the thousand records of successive civilizations; but the educated one must pay for his scholarship in absolute brain exhaustion.

At Pisa you enter the Tuscan civilization—the glory of modern Italy—and modern means the last thousand years, for these Italians were learned and accomplished people when our Saxon forefathers were rude savages—when England was a forest filled with warring tribes, and the Howards were "hogwards." Fortunately for the ease and instruction of the tourist and student, all that is best in Pisa is summed up in four buildings that are grouped in one spot, and which taken together, affords an admirable introductory study of Tuscan art and architecture, as they are representative and finished specimens of the style.

THE CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER.

These buildings are the great Cathedral of Pisa, the famous Leaning Tower which is a detached tower of exquisite symmetry, raised for the purpose of swinging the Cathedral bells; a huge baptistery and a walled holy field or cemetery. All the buildings are of pure white marble, of faultless design and masterly finish, and constitute a group which is said to be without equal in the world. They illustrate, well, too, the wealth which, in modern ages, was lavished on church buildings, and the splendor and elaborateness of their establishment. Of this splendid group, each one of which is a master piece, taking rank among the great buildings of the world, the Cathedral is of course the centre; all the others being mere adjuncts to it. The Leaning Tower—Campanile they call it—is a belfry. The baptistery is but a colossal font, but the Cemetery, or Campo Santo, a graveyard, but walled with costly statuary, and the burial ground made from numberless shiploads of earth brought from Jerusalem. At Florence there is the same magnificent equipment for the cathedral church there—a Campanile—a square tower, ranking as the first of that kind in the world.

And when this wonderful endowment of a single cathedral is considered, it must be remembered, too, that Pisa is a small place. It has but 26,000 inhabitants, and is the center of a district of about 50,000 people only. Nevertheless the Pisans, although a little, have been a mighty people. They were great soldiers and sailors in their day, and their physical energy was always animated by the force of education and high culture. There was therefore little of lost power in their development, and thus they carried their arms into all parts and their names into history. At one time they dominated Italy, and thought it the world, displaying military and executive genius of the highest kind. The Bonaparte family was of Tuscan descent, and although Napoleon came on the field when the glory of Pisa was but tradi-

tion, he seems only to have gathered up and reviewed in himself what was once a common inheritance of Tuscan blood.

It is no wonder that the Pisans are fond of their city and its history. Indeed, Italian history, up to the present, is but the record of a brilliant constellation of cities. There has never been a national growth.—Its life has been municipal, and therefore limited. The spirit exists yet. The Pisan, the Genoese, the Venetian, the Milanese look on each other as foreigners. They have been fighting with each other for a thousand years, a conception rather than growth. The Pisan's instinctive allegiance is to Pisa, the Genoese with Genoa, just as the Virginian's first impulse is to Virginia. The greater idea of a nation is yet to come.—Moreover, our States' rights doctrine is but the fruit of a hundred years of rude provincial existence. The city independence and individuality of Italy is the growth of a thousand years of culture, power and glorious tradition. We must recognize this historic fact when we would appreciate properly the wonderful political ability which has brought about the unification of Italy and made it a nation.

THE PISA OF TO-DAY

sleeps in rest and beauty after the toil and achievements of centuries. A summer's sunlight floods the town, and the calm of the clear Arno spreads from street to street. The quiet of a New England's Sunday broods over the place, and the picturesque inhabitants, poor but robed with a Tuscan wealth of color, hardly seem to move. They stand around like artistically grouped figures in a tableaux. Indeed, the worship of the tortoise seems to have prevailed at Pisa for some time, and were one exhuming old Greek or Roman remains, he would certainly write down that respectable and reflective animal as the tutelary divinity of the place to whom probably the cathedral had been erected. On the bronze doors of this church, rich in rare and costly work, the tortoise figures again and again, the legend, *tardo sed tulo*, engraved elaborately over his recorded exploits. It is hard always to trace in their time-stained and quaint figures the incidents of the long story, but the bottom of a door generally winds up with a complacent self-satisfied tortoise, round and fat enough for soup, sitting or sleeping calmly some paces in advance of a very demoralized and apologetic stag. In the shop windows, too, all over the town are alabaster and marble figures of the contented deity. What the legend may be I do not know, but the moral has worked its way into the life of Pisa.—The worship has had fruition, and the Pisan of to-day has been absorbed into the soul of his divinity.

Nevertheless, sleeping in a century that has no more meaning for Pisa is a place full of quiet beauty and picturesque attraction. The women are beautiful, and the men all wear their cloaks brigand fashion—priest and soldiers. The costly street decorations of Italy abound, striking and brilliant in their marked costumes. Even the police masquerade in a rolling bandit hat with a tremendous plume of black cock feathers, each one swaggering like the leading tenor in an opera troupe.

A HISTORICAL LAMP.

In the great Cathedral at Pisa hangs a massive bronze lamp—a group of four figures suspended at a vast distance from the ceiling, which, tradition says, gave Galileo the hint of the pendulum. The corridors of grand pillars are trophies of war brought by the Pisans in their conquests in many lands, when Pisa was mistress of the seas and her ships brought tribute from almost every foreign shore. The Cathedral itself is a monument in honor of a great naval victory had near Palermo, and most of the churches commemorate triumph by sea or land against Turk or rival Indian cities.—While this sounds strange to an innocent American, uneducated to the idea of church and State, it is the rule here. Everywhere in Italy and in Europe, for a thousand years the professed religion of peace has joined hands with armed force. The priest and the soldier are the inseparable twins of medieval civilization.—W. W. N. in *Phila. Press*

A MOHAMMEDAN FUNERAL IN AFRICA.

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes from Tunis: Yesterday I saw a Mohammedan funeral passing through the streets. My attention was first attracted to it by hearing a murmur of many voices approaching from the distance. The sound was unlike anything I ever heard before. Soon there appeared two or three hundred Arab men crowding through the narrow street, all joining in singing or chanting a song for the dead. In the midst of them several Arabs bore upon their shoulders a bier like a crib. The bottom of it was covered over with a Turkish or Tunisian rug, on which was stretched

the body of the dead Arab, enveloped in what appeared to be a Persian shawl. I would have followed after the procession, but was told that none but a Mohammedan was allowed to witness the burial ceremony. Old residents of Tunis tell me that the final act of depositing the body in mother earth is a most strange and novel procedure. The Arabs have a superstition that as soon as the new-made grave is ready for its occupant the evil spirits at once take possession of it. To drive them out, they resort to all manner of strange devices. The most efficacious, and the one usually resorted to, is based upon the belief of the devil's fondness for gold, and that "money is the root of all evil." As soon as the body is placed by the side of the grave the medicine man or saint exorcises the devil, and signifies by signs that his Satanic majesty, with all his imps are in the grave below. The nearest relative of the deceased, who is prepared for the emergency, takes from his pocket a handful of small gold, silver or copper coins, according to his wealth, which he throws in the distance as far as possible as if he was sowing grain. The evil spirits are believed to scramble after it, and while picking it up the body is hustled into the ground as quickly as possible, and the stones and earth are placed over it, before the cloven-footed money-hunters can return."

THE MOSCOW OF TO-DAY.

In Moscow, with its glorious undulating site, its irregular streets of handsome villas, interspersed with greenery, its handsome magazines and its constant rattle of equipages you feel as if surrounded by human interest, and cease to wonder why neither despotic power, nor long neglect, nor systematic preference for a rival can wear the true Russian from his love for the ancient cradle of his race. And now it looks brighter and gayer than ever. Paint and lime and varnish have done wonders, making even the old Chinese town look sprightly and modern, while the gilder has given to the thousand domes, minarets and spires of Moscow a splendor only to be appreciated by being seen. Stand on the esplanade of the Kremlin, and having first curiously examined its battlemented walls, its ancient treasury, its grotesque church—the Assumption—its gay modern palace, and its thousand and one quaint details; watch for a moment the people, high and low, military and civil, as they reverently doff their hats while passing under the sacred gate, and then turn suddenly toward the vast city that spreads itself out beneath your feet; count its innumerable church spires of delicate green, bright golden, or royal red, learn to distinguish its fortress-like convents, its regal palaces, its public institutes, and you must admit that you are gazing on a panorama to which the civilized world can offer but few parallels.

SHAKESPEARE AND STRATFORD.

Happily to the stroller in Stratford, every association connected with him is gentle and tender. His image, as it rises there, is of smiling boyhood, or sedate and benignant maturity; always either joyous or serene, never passionate or turbulent or dark. The pilgrim thinks of him as a happy child at his father's fire-side; as a wondering school-boy in the quiet venerable close of the old Guild Chapel, where still the only sound that breaks the silence is the chirp of birds or the creaking of the church vane; as a handsome, dauntless youth, sporting by his beloved river or roaming through field and forest many miles about; as the bold, adventurous spirit, bent on frolic and mischief, and not averse to danger, leading, perhaps, the wild lads of his village in their poaching depredations on the park of Charlecote; as the lover, strolling through the green lanes of Shottery, hand in hand with the darling of his first love, while round them the honeysuckle breathed out its fragrant heart upon the winds of night, and overhead the moonlight, streaming through rifts of elm and poplar, fell on their pathway in showers of shimmering silver; and last of all, as the illustrious poet, rooted and secure in his massive and shining fame, loved by many, and venerated and mourned by all, borne slowly through Stratford churchyard, while the golden bells were tolled in sorrow, and the mourning lime-trees dropped their blossoms on his bier, to the place of his eternal rest.

Through all the scenes incidental to this experience the worshippers of Shakespeare's genius may follow him every step of the way. The old footpath across the fields of Shottery remains unchanged. The wild flowers are blooming along its margin. The white blossoms of the chestnut hang over it. The green meadows, through which it winds, are thickly sprinkled with the gorgeous scarlet of the poppy.

The hamlet of Shottery is less than a

mile from Stratford, stepping westward toward the sunset; and there, nestled beneath the elms and almost embowered in vines and roses, stands the cottage in which Anne Hathaway was wooed and won. It is even more antiquated in appearance than the cottage of Shakespeare, and more obviously a relic of the distant past. It is built of wood and plaster, ribbed with massive timbers, crossed and visible all along its front, and covered with a thatch roof. It fronts eastward, presenting its southern end to the road. Under its eaves, peeping through embrasures cut in the thatch, are four tiny casements, round which the ivy twines and the roses wave softly in the wind of June. The northern end of the structure is higher than the southern, and the old building, originally divided into two tenements, is now divided into three. In front is a straggling terrace and a large garden. There is a comfortable air of wildness, yet not of neglect, in all its appointments and surroundings. The place is still the abode of labor and lowliness. Entering its parlor you see a stone floor, a wide fire-place, a broad, hospitable hearth, with cosy chimney corners, and near this an old wooden settle, much decayed, but still serviceable, on which Shakespeare may often have sat, with Anne at his side.—*Harper's Magazine for May.*

TRADITIONS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Dean Stanley lately entertained a party of working men at Westminster Abbey, when, he told them that the college hall was a part of the old Abbots' House, and the chamber they were in was the old abbots' dining-hall. It was in that hall that the widow of Edward IV. took refuge with her two children against the plots of the Duke of Gloucester. In those stormy times it was thought to be necessary to have a certain place where persons in distress might take refuge. One of those was at Westminster Abbey; it was called the Sanctuary, and that was the name by which the great open space in front of the venerable edifice was still known. The next room to the college hall was the abbots' parlor, and from very ancient times it had been called the Jerusalem chamber. The Henry IV. of Shakespeare was seized with a violent illness, and he was taken to the nearest place where there was a fire, and that was in the abbots' parlor or Jerusalem chamber. He was laid on a couch before the fire. He put his crown upon the pillow, and there fell asleep. While he was asleep his eldest son, Prince Henry, described as "Madcap Hal," came into the room, and thinking that his father was dead, took away the crown. The king came to himself again, and hearing who had taken the crown, he thought it was a wild freak of his son. He sent for him, and administered warnings, which had such effect upon the young man as entirely to change his manner of life. King Henry asked the name of the chamber, and said that he had been told he should die at "Jerusalem." He now perceived that it was not at Jerusalem in Palestine where his death should happen; and the last words put into his mouth by Shakespeare were, "In this Jerusalem shall Harry die." Accordingly, he died in the Jerusalem chamber.

Selections.

Pray to God at the beginning of all thy works, that so thou mayest bring them all to a good ending.

The physically blind feel their infirmity; but what shall we say of the morally blind?—*Jean Paul.*

The most terrific storm of real woe in a man's heart rarely flings its froth and foam as high as his lips.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

Bless me in this life with but peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of God and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity Caesar.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up weeds or flowers.

We are to find our reward in doing, not realizing things done. The true reward of work for God is labor, not wages. Heaven, as the rest of the weary saint, is to be the portion of those who rest from their labors and leave works to follow them. It cannot be bought by toil, nor earned by sacrifice.

"My burden is light," said the blessed Redeemer. A light burden indeed, which carries him that bears it. I have looked through all nature for a resemblance of this, and I seem to find a shadow of it in the wings of a bird, which are indeed borne by the creature, and yet support her flight toward heaven.—*St. Bernard.*

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late, They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of truth and time.
—*Whittier.*

Science and Art.

London *Truth* says: "An American millionaire, is building Winans, the monster cigar ship, at a cost close the Clyde 000. She is to be 4,000 to 5,000 tons £200, and it is believed by her owner that when she is able to cross the Atlantic in five days. It will be the third vessel of the same type that Mr. Winans has built. The other two are much smaller, and are well known to all who frequent the Solent in the summer. It is understood that the three vessels, from first to last, will have cost £400,000. Under these circumstances it is fortunate for Mr. Winans that he is a millionaire."

VOTING BY ELECTRICITY.—When a vote is to be taken in the French Chamber, each member touches one of two buttons on his desk (one for yea and the other for nay), and the ball falls in its proper compartment, in a public place by the side of the speaker. Thus the vote is taken rapidly and publicly. As fast as the votes are cast, the whole number is recorded in sight of all, so that the process of taking the 750 votes is not only rapid, but every member sees how it is going on. In addition, the machine writes down every name with the vote—the yeas in blue and the nays in red.

PRESERVED OYSTERS.—Dried oysters would certainly be a novelty in America, but, according to an exchange, they are quite common in China. The bivalves are taken from the shells, plunged for an instant into boiling water, and then exposed to the rays of the sun until every particle of moisture has evaporated, when it is said they will keep for a length of time, while preserving the full delicacy of their flavor. The finest and fattest oysters, bred on the leaves and cuttings of the bamboo, are chosen for this process, those taken from the natural beds being inferior in quality, and not sufficiently plump for the operation.

Personal.

Lord Beaconsfield is as quick at repartee as ever. Not long since a lady, in talking with him, spoke of the Zulus as savages. "Savages, madam!" said the Prime Minister; "how can you call savages men who have defeated our general" (Chelmsford) "and converted our bishop?" (Colenso.)

Dean Stanley never loses an opportunity of reminding his ecclesiastical superiors that inside of his own abbey he is as good as any of them. Westminster Abbey, as everybody knows, is an old collegiate foundation outside of diocesan authority, and the Archbishop of Canterbury himself cannot come inside of it, officially, without the Dean's permission. This was illustrated at the first Pan-Anglican Council, when Dean Stanley refused to allow the bishops to hold their closing services there, and it has just been illustrated again in the case of the Bishop-designate of Durham, who wished to be consecrated in the abbey. The Archbishop of York was to perform the ceremony by permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but Mr. Stanley takes occasion to remind him that some other authority is needed, and has published a formal paper stating that "we do not intend to acknowledge any jurisdiction or authority of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury over us, the said Dean and Chapter, or our collegiate church, and we have granted the use of our said collegiate church in pursuance of the mandate of her Majesty the Queen." That is the kind of churchman Dean Stanley is.

Books and Periodicals.

PHILIP JACOB SPENER.—A Historical Life Picture. Translated from the German of Dr. A. Wildenhahn, by Rev. G. A. Wenzel, A. M., edited by J. K. Shryock, A. M., editor of "The Fatherland Series," etc., etc. 12mo. cloth. Illustrated with a handsome portrait of SPENER. Published by J. F. Smith, 914 Filbert St., Phila. \$1.50.

A charming story of the Life and Times of Spener, the great apostle of practical piety in the Protestant Church. We have not time at present to enter upon an extended criticism of the work, which it well deserves, but content ourselves with recommending the book most cordially to our readers.

An eminent critic thus writes about Dr. Wildenhahn's works. Wildenhahn's books are in high repute, both as history and as fiction, and are quoted as standards in history, as well as Christian classics in their walk in fiction. Few books can give so much sure profit, both intellectual and religious, with so much elevated enjoyment. They are pictures showing the Master's touch. That is their charm. They are pictures to the life, thoroughly accurate, portraits, strictly historical. That is their value to the thoughtful seeker of knowledge. They are life pictures from the greatest eras of the great Church of the Reformation, reproducing their struggles, which were struggles for the common heritage of a pure faith and a holy life. This makes them treasures for the Christian heart and home, for old and young. No path in our best religious literature could be more completely unbeaten, and more delightful and profitable to traverse, than that which a translation of Wildenhahn's works will open to the English reader.

YENISEI WALTON.—By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. \$1.50. Pp. 391.

This story is by a new author. It aims to show that God uses a stern discipline to form the noblest characters, and that the greatest trials of life often prove the greatest blessings. The story is subordinate to this moral aim, and the earnestness of the author breaks out into occasional preaching. But the story is full of striking incident and scenes of great pathos, with occasional gleams of humor and fun by way of relief to the more tragic parts of the narrative. The characters are strongly drawn, and, in general, are thoroughly human, not gifted with impossible perfections but having those infirmities of the flesh which make us all akin. It will take rank among the most popular Sunday-school books.

JUST ONE DAY.—Under this title, George R. Lockwood, Publisher, 812 Broadway, New York, has recently issued a neat volume of 172 pages, giving an account of a single day with children, beginning with the baby's prattle in the early morning, and ending when the little ones are asleep again at night. The experience is that of very many mothers, and the recital will interest them. There is a difference between words written for children and those written about them. The latter class of works, while pleasing to very young people, are most enjoyed by parents and others who can best appreciate the "cute ways" of infants and four-year-olds. The work before us is published in first-rate style.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 1824, May 31, 1879. CONTENTS:—South Africa, *Edinburgh Review*; The Distracted Young Preacher, By Thomas Hardy. Part II., *New Quarterly Review*; Two Importers of the Eighteenth Century, *Cornhill Magazine*; The Romance of Mistress Francis Kendrick of Calcut House, By the author of "Patty, Advance Sheets"; John Aikin, M. D., By Mrs. Herbert Martin, *Frazer's Magazine*; The Melancholy of the Educated English Spectator, The Evolution of Games, *Saturday Review*; Republican Intolerance in France, *Spectator*; Poetry:—Pater Vester Pasce Illa, Little Elsie, After Dusk, "O Time, Dull Time, Go Faster," "Ah me! the Mallows, Dead in the Garden Dream." Published every Saturday by LITTELL & Co., Boston.

The Messenger.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1879.

DR. DOLLINGER'S DENIAL.

We recently made a note of the report, that Dr. Dollinger had made his peace with Rome, confessing, at the time, our inability to explain what was meant by it. A correspondent has since kindly called our attention to a letter in the *Philadelphia Press*, dated Rome, May 7th, which gives "the lie" to the whole statement in regard to Dr. Dollinger's submission. It appears from the letter referred to, that Leo XIII., upon his accession to the papal chair, wished to pursue a line of policy that would defeat the "Old Catholic movement," by bringing Dollinger and Reinkens in Germany, and Hertzog in Switzerland, back to the fold, and that propositions looking in that direction were made to Dr. Dollinger over a year ago, through a high and responsible dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, who was himself a German, and who acted as especial messenger and envoy of the Pope. These overtures Dr. Dollinger declined; but notwithstanding this, the report obtained in Rome, that this leader had given in his adherence. "From Rome these statements of course were distributed to all the capitals and chief cities of Europe, strengthening everywhere the reactionary interests, and impairing the influence and work of the Old Catholic leaders." This has called forth a letter from Dr. Dollinger, in which he denies most positively, that he has any idea of renewing his allegiance to the Papal See. The letter is addressed to Rev. Robert J. Nevin, D. D., pastor of the American Church, in Rome, and is as follows:

"MY DEAR NEVIN: I suppose your influence is sufficiently strong, to get a short article or notice inserted in one of the liberal papers, to contradict the lies that have been spread over all Europe, respecting my contemplated or consummated submission to the Vatican decrees. "I have neither written nor done anything, which could have given occasion to such a rumor. The circumstances which are mentioned in some papers are gratuitous inventions. I have only three weeks ago published a lecture (*Allgemeine Zeitung*, 6, 7, 8, April), in which I state in so many words, that nobody possessing a scientific mind can ever accept the decrees of the Vatican Council. Having devoted, during the last nine years, my time principally to the history of the Popes and the Councils, and I may say gone again over the whole ground of ecclesiastical history, the result is, that the proofs of the falsehood of the Vatican decrees amount to demonstration. When I am told that I must swear to the truth of those doctrines, my feeling is just as if I were asked to swear that two and two make five and not four.

Toties tuus,

J. DOLLINGER.

MUNICH, 4 May, '79.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY AND ROMISH BAPTISM.

The most earnest discussion in the late Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga, grew out of a resolution offered by Dr. Patton, Chairman of the Committee on Overtures, re-affirming the deliverance of the Assembly, in 1875, which gave to the pastors and sessions of congregations, the privilege of deciding as to the validity of Romish baptism in each case. This action proposed by Dr. Patton is very different from the deliverance of the Assembly in 1835, which pronounced Romish baptism invalid, and which was adversely criticised by Dr. Hodge in the *Princeton Review*. Dr. Prime moved a reiteration of the deliverance of 1835, as a substitute for the action proposed in Dr. Patton's report.

The question was disposed of, by a compromise resolution offered by Dr. White, which explained the deliverance of 1835, "as applying to the Roman Hierarchy, headed by the Pope, falsely claiming to be the Church, which is opposed absolutely and irreconcilably to the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, and is corrupting and degrading to a large part of Christ's Church, over which it has usurped the supreme control."

According to the report we find in the *Evening Telegraph*, Rev. Dr. Miller, of New Jersey, spoke in favor of Rev. Dr. Patton's original resolution. He claimed, that the repudiation entirely of the Romish Church would in a measure invalidate the succession of the ministry. He read from Chronicles to show how the Jewish Church became corrupt, and called attention to its reformation afterwards. Elder C. D. Drake believed that, while many good Christians are in the Roman Church, the hierarchy is corrupt. Permission was given Rev. Dr. Prime to accept the amendment of Rev. Dr. White to his substitute, affirming the deliverance of 1835. Rev. Dr. Patton closed the debate, as chairman of the Committee on Bills and Overtures, saying while he was willing to accept the substitute of Dr. White, he wished it to be understood, that the real question was not relating to the corruption of the Roman hierarchy, but was as to whether the individual members heed the fundamental and essential doctrines of the Presbyterian Church. Reading from the form of government that part stating what shall constitute the belief of a church member, he said the fallacy of Judge Drake was in taking Vaticanism as the Romish Church. Vaticanism is one thing, the Romish Church something else. When we argue that there are elect and regenerate children in the Roman Church, we do not contend that the Catholic Church is a society of regenerate people. He would hesitate to assert the same of the Presbyterian Church. The Presbyterian Church is only a branch of the true Church, not the only Church. Rev. Dr. Prime had accepted the substitute of Rev. Dr. White, with the expectation that it would stop discussion. He regretted much that Dr. Patton had read a paper at the close of his address, which was ten times as objectionable as the original report and resolution offered by the Committee on Bills and Overtures.

The substitute of Rev. Dr. White was adopted. Prof. Alexander offered a resolution to uncompromisingly oppose the efforts of the Romish Church to obtain possession of the public schools.

We cannot but think, that if this discussion had taken place in one of our Synods a few years ago, what was said by those favoring Dr. Patton's report, would have been set down as sympathy with the Papal Hierarchy, and yet no doubt the retiring moderator of the General Assembly is just as firm in his Protestantism, as the able and genial editor of the *New York Observer*; and it is certain that the late Dr. Hodge—the standard-bearer of Presbyterian orthodoxy—took Dr. Patton's view of the subject.

A great many people in our sister denomination will now be found to agree with an editorial lately published in the *Presbyterian*, and which we may quote without rendering ourselves obnoxious to the charge of becoming an apologist for Rome, with which we find ourselves differing more widely every day. The *Presbyterian* says, under the head of "Variety not Impiety:"

"Some of our contemporaries do not fancy our notion about the Antichrist. They insist that the Antichrist is the Romish Church, and quote the opinion of the Confession of Faith as if that were an article to which the ministry of the church were bound to subscribe as an essential doctrine of the faith. Who the Antichrist is has never been a condition of communion, ministerial or otherwise, in the Presbyterian Church.

"The fact that there might be something in this wicked world worse than the Romish Church startles them. But we beg to remind them that it is good doctrine and worthy of belief, that the Lord has an elect in the Papal Church. The lines of the church invisible may run through the dominion even of the Pope; and if the devil were let loose, he could get up a worse thing than the Romish Church, and from the indications already before us, Communism, Nihilism, Free loveism, Mormonism, general Atheism, and general "cursedness" among the nations, could start a hell of very respectable proportions. We only pray that we may not see the devil do his worst. We need have no controversy, however. The apostle John says, even now are there many Antichrists, and the brethren can locate them

as they will. We stand by our recorded opinion."

THE DIVINE TRINITY.

The divine Trinity is the revelation of God to our fallen world, as the God of grace and salvation. It is, therefore, a doctrine of practical as well as theological interest. This will appear evident, if we consider it in relation to Christian baptism. The baptismal formula is the great trinitarian text, revealing our covenant God to us in the fullness of His power, glory and grace, according to all our needs, as the Father reconciled in His Son Jesus Christ, through the powerful agency and co-operation of the Holy Ghost. In baptism we are re-created in the triune image of God, and the three-fold blessing descends, in answer to the canonical prayer: "I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now the baptismal formula must not be considered as merely a textual proof of this great doctrine of the Church. That is, the fact that these three names, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, are placed in such conjunction, is not in itself the full evidence, that these three persons are one God. It occupies a central position in the divine Word, especially as in relation to the triune mystery; but we can only, after all, realize its importance as testimony, when we see its connection with the great fact of redemption, as wrought out by Father, Son and Holy Ghost. We must be able to see the practical fruit and finished work of redemption, as signed and sealed in baptism; we must see how the redeemed thus enter the family of God and become His children; and then we will be able to know, as children, that is, by faith, that God is our Father; that Christ is our Elder Brother, being the eternal and natural Son of God; and that the Holy Ghost is the Renewer and Sanctifier of our lives—and that these Three are the one true God. Our special need, then, is not the literal testimony of Scripture texts, found here and there in the Bible, to prove this doctrine; for the value of such texts will be seen and understood only in the light of the truth itself, as revealed from the life of the divine Word to the inner man, and from faith to faith. And the baptismal formula is the chief scriptural guide or index of the living Word, which transforms, renews and sanctifies our sinful natures, and brings them into harmony with the triune God.

Hence it is, that the gospel selected by the Church for Trinity Sunday is that primary and fundamental discourse, which Christ delivered to Nicodemus, in which He declared the necessity of a new birth, as a pre-requisite to the enjoyment of things spiritual and divine; and that this new birth and membership in the kingdom of God must be of water and the Spirit. The discourse is a revelation to us of a new creation in Christ; of a kingdom, whose King came down from heaven, even from God the Father, and by the eternal Spirit imparted to it a new and heavenly life. Thus God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost form a union at the head of this kingdom. And as God cannot, according to His infinite nature, share His authority and government with another, unless His equal; and as there cannot, according to the express terms of Holy Scripture, be more than one God; therefore the three distinct persons, spoken of as the source and life of this heavenly kingdom and new creation, must be one divine essence, and the one only true God. The three divine persons constitute, so to speak, a divine family, from which proceeds the family life in the kingdom of God, and which can be only by means of a heavenly birth. "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God,"—cannot be adopted as a member of the divine household.

It is in holy baptism, that the divine Trinity is manifested as the God of our salvation. As a doctrine of the Church, this great mystery is not simply to be asserted and maintained, among other doctrines, in the interest of traditional orthodoxy. It is a living, historical fact, in which the children of God stand

and live, conscious of the sacred relationship into which they have been brought. They need not be able to solve the metaphysical problem involved in the doctrine. This will ever be beyond their reach. They cannot even compass the underlying forces and activities—the mystery—of common family life. And yet, from childhood to the end of life, there is no secret power over them so potent as that invisible sovereignty, which holds undisputed sway in the household. We are all powerfully apprehended by it, and we are as conscious of its existence, as we are of life itself. So it is also in the family of God. Being members of it, we may feel the triune divine presence as revealed in the economy of redemption; while, at the same time, we stand in awe of the infinite mystery. If we are truly baptized into the divine Three, then, notwithstanding our ignorance, we can, nevertheless, rejoice in the simplicity of Christian childhood, that God the Creator is our Father; that His only begotten Son is our Elder Brother; and that the Holy Ghost dwells in us, "to make us, by a true faith, partakers of Christ and all His benefits." Our ignorance as children, does not disqualify us for companionship with the blessed Trinity. Being born in the Lord's house, we shall also flourish in the courts of our God, unless we have received the grace of God in vain.

K.

A NEW EDITION OF THE HEIDELBERG CATECHISM.

The German Publishing House at Cleveland, Ohio, has issued in a small volume, an edition to the Heidelberg Catechism, which comprises the German text and an English translation of it on opposite pages facing each other, and similarly numbered so as to admit of being published also in separate editions from the same plates. They together form a double volume of fifty-nine pages each. The type is clear and the work is neatly executed.

The text used in this volume is that found in what is known as the Tercenary edition of the Heidelberg Catechism. From the manner in which the work is gotten up, we infer that the volume is published for use by the ministry in their catechetical instructions. If this inference be correct, we are greatly surprised that our German brethren have ventured upon the enterprise.

To the use of the German text here adopted in this way, we presume, no objection can be filed. The same remark, however, does not hold good with respect to the English text of the Tercenary edition. Although the translation was made by a committee appointed for the purpose, by the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, and their labors received favorable notice, first from the Synod by which it was appointed, and subsequently also from the General Synod, yet no action was had in either of the Synods, authorizing its use in catechetical instruction in the Church. It consequently has no constitutional authority for use in the way proposed.

Our Publication office was, at different times, importuned to issue an edition of it for use in catechetical classes; but its officials invariably declined doing so, because, in the circumstances, such use of it must be regarded as without constitutional authority. Both the Synod of the United States and the General Synod, whilst they commended the labors of the committee, were very guarded in the language they employed, so as not to give their translation constitutional sanction. There was a special reason for this, generally felt and known, at the time among the members who composed those Synods.

Whilst the translation as a whole possesses many merits, yet it was felt, that it is not such as would justify the Synod in giving it full ecclesiastical sanction, so as to substitute it for the translation which had been ever previously in use in our English churches, and those of the Reformed Dutch Church in this country. In this feeling, it is freely confessed, we, as an individual, participated. Whilst the authorized translation does not, in several instances, correctly repre-

sent the sentiment of the original German, yet, in but few instances, is this deviation from the original of vital importance, and the English itself is classic, pure and fluent. Had the new translation been content to adopt the received text as far as it is true to the sense of the original, and changed it only in such cases, in which there is a material deviation from it, we have no doubt it would have been generally most cordially received, and at once have obtained such ecclesiastical sanction as would have led to its authorized substitution for the present received translation.

In our judgment, however, in which we know others, whose views are entitled to respect, concur, the new translation does not, in every instance, fully accord with the original, and its English is by no means equal, in smoothness and elegance, to that of the present received translation. Its diction is frequently strained, awkward and sometimes even inelegant, as it appears to our linguistic taste, caused, no doubt, by what was supposed to be a close adherence to the original, though there are cases, in which it is less so than in the received translation. Instances of that to which we refer might be given; this, however, would occupy too much space, and is unnecessary to our present purpose.

Of course, what is here stated is our individual judgment, for which we alone are responsible. It is not intended in any way to undervalue or depreciate the labors of those, who, doubtless, with great care, prepared the new translation, for which they merited the commendation they received from the Synods. Their work is valuable, and will well repay a careful examination of it. Such, however, is our natural bias in favor of order, that we cannot keep silent, when we have reason to believe any important constitutional principle is being violated, as in the present case.

Our received translation, as already intimated, is capable of being improved. It needs revision and correction at some points, and it has often been to us a matter of regret, that it has not received it in such a way as to insure general approval. Our Church has tried its hand in the matter with the result indicated. The brethren of the Reformed (Dutch) Church in North America, are now also engaged in a similar endeavor. What the result will be, in their case, time will determine. We have not yet seen enough of their work to enable us to form any intelligent opinion of its nature. It would rejoice us to find their labors attended with such success, as will commend the result to all the churches, which use this admirable Catechism and recognize it, as their symbolical standard.

F.

DEATH OF REV. GEO. LEIDY.

On Friday morning, May 30th, at 1 o'clock, this aged servant of the Lord passed from time to eternity. The funeral was arranged for Tuesday morning, June 31. Particulars will be given hereafter.

F.

Notes and Quotes.

The neat little volume of poems by Rev. D. Y. Heisler, of which we made favorable mention among our book notices last week, can be had upon application to the author at Easton, Pa., or at our Publication Rooms, 907 Arch St. Price \$1.00.

The Churchman says:

"One swallow does not make a summer, and one foolish and unseemly extemporaneous prayer is not a complete argument for a liturgy; nevertheless, the Rev. A. B. Kendig, Methodist Minister of Worcester, Mass., has given the argument a lift. Before his farewell sermon, the other day, he is reported to have made a prayer, in which, after mentioning choir, organist, sexton, and ushers, he wound up with a petition for the "one who, although hidden from sight, yet contributes so much to the musical part of our worship," ending, "O Lord, I mean the boy who blows the organ."

The adoption of the new Constitution of California, has called forth remarks beyond the Atlantic. The London

Times says in an editorial, that it is the surprise of the world, and adds:

"It is the most astounding instrument ever framed for the government of a community. If all the notions of the reformers, who put forth their panaceas for the regeneration of the human race during the Paris Commune, were embodied in a document, they would not appear wilder, more absurd, more menacing than many of the provisions of the Constitution, which now regulates the existence of dwellers in California. Everybody is to be punished and restricted in the same way. Those persons only are expected, who have nothing to lose. The Constitution, as a whole, is such an extraordinary instrument, that the people of California might well be stupefied, when they learned, that Kearney had carried his point. We do not fancy that his exultation will last long. The mischief which has been wrought may produce a reaction, and an effort may be made to revise a Constitution, which must produce widespread ruin."

The burning of the Washington House, Hagerstown, Maryland, noticed on our eighth page, is one of those calamities, of which we are always hoping we have heard the last. We refrain from any remarks on the subject, and content ourselves with expressing our Christian sympathy for those, who have suffered so terribly by the disaster. Mr. F. B. Saively, of Shady Grove, Franklin county, Pa., whose injuries are mentioned, has since died, and the entire community in which he lived will mourn his loss.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.
Missions in Lancaster, Pa.

It will no doubt be gratifying to many readers of the MESSENGER to learn, that the first church at Lancaster has entered upon another career of prosperity under its new pastor, the Rev. John A. Peters. For about a year it had been pastorless, after having gone through a period of trial and conflict extending over several years. At times it looked as if it was destined to suffer serious loss in its membership, as it did in former difficulties; but owing to the better mind of its people, the Christian spirit of its former pastor, and the wisdom of Classis, it passed through its last trial apparently without any serious harm. After the winter had departed spring time came, and with it new life and new hopes. This time it lost few, if any of its members. It has effectually rallied its strength, and Bro. Peters has very encouraging prospects of future usefulness in building upon the old foundations. This is one of the oldest churches in our connection, and, although it has sent out a number of daughter congregations, it is still numerically strong. A good many years ago, a colony went out from it, which organized itself as the St. Paul's church, and set up for itself by the side of its mother. Although there was considerable strife at the time and no small amount of feeling excited by this separation, which are now pretty much forgotten, the daughter received a handsome dowry on leaving the old home, and it has now become one of the prominent churches in the city. Soon afterwards, the disconsolate mother was comforted by the advent of the college-students and professors from Mercersburg, who helped to fill up the vacancy in the times of Dr. Harbaugh. But in the course of time, the college chapel became a preaching place, and the next thing was the organization of St. Stephen's Church in the institutions, and, as a matter of course, somewhat at variance with the feelings of the old church. It received no dowry because it needed none, and soon became an active and aggressive organization on a line with the older churches. The next swarm that left the old hive was the *Randolph Deutsche Gemeinde*, for the exclusive benefit of the foreign Germans. In this instance, the daughter did not wish to leave the old home, and it had to receive at least some broad hints in regard to the propriety of such a thing before she went out. The result showed that it was the wisest and best course. No one had any idea that she was going to get along so well, in enlarging the place of her tent and stretching forth the curtain of her tent over so much territory. She also received a respectable outfit. Quite recently St. Luke's, a small but vigorous mission, has sprung up among the poor on the outskirts of the old congregation, in which she has come to take an increasing interest, and over which she may be expected to exercise a fostering care. Having provided for the other children, we cannot think that she will overlook this last and least of her offspring. Appearances do not indicate that she will. The fact is, we think that our churches in Lancaster should assist in putting up the not small, cheap chapel, with which St. Luke would be satisfied, but something larger and better, where the gospel may be preached to many of God's humble poor. In connection with this movement, pastor Peters requested the superintendent to preach to the Reformed people on the missionary work, on the third Sunday after Easter, in the evening. He discoursed on missionary Christianity. The audience was large, and, as we thought, sympathetic and enthusiastic. The collection for St. Luke's was respectable. Bro. Peters intends to make up all arrearages on old assessments for missions. That is right, and it is a good example.

Missions in the Bethany Charge, Lancaster Co.

We were invited by the Rev. D. C. Tobias, to attend what he called a missionary festival in his charge, on the second Sunday after Easter. This turned out to be an ordinary spring communion in the Bethany congregation near Ephrata, with this difference, that a number of other ministers had been called in to preach on missions, benevolence and general church work during evenings preceding and succeeding

the communion on Sunday, extending over about a week's time. The Rev. S. Schweitzer, Rev. D. W. Gerhard, Prof. N. C. Schaeffer, and the writer, were present and took part in these services. The arrangement was novel to us, but it struck us very favorably. A communion service is intended to revive and refresh believers in their Christian course; but only as it may strengthen them for the work and warfare still before them. It is therefore an appropriate season, when they should be told their Christian duties and their kind feelings, their charity and love should receive a practical direction in the spreading of the gospel, and in doing good to their fellow-men. Charity without good works is a mere sentiment, and no better than good works, without charity. The two must go together, and they fit together best at a communion season, when love is expected to be strongest. There is a weak, sickly, morbid, sentimental Christianity, which does not get beyond the mere sphere of feeling. To be what it ought to be, it should be practical, should engage in Christian work, bear burdens and make self denials. Then it becomes healthy, vigorous and robust, and is prepared to do something for the conversion of the world. We may add, that Bro. Tobias holds such festivals in all of his churches in the course of a year, though not always in connection with his communions. He does so, because the Classis enjoined it on its ministry and because such services tend to enlighten his people and to build them up in their faith. Judging from the manner in which the sermons and addresses on practical, missionary Christianity were received by the kind people of Bethany church, who wished the ministers to come again and hold another festival, we have no doubt that our churches generally in town and country would be greatly benefited by such meetings. By and by we hope that our German Christianity in this country will not suffer in comparison with the surrounding, active, restless Anglo-Saxon element in the sphere of practical church work.

The Mercersburg, Maryland and Virginia Classes.

It was a matter of sincere pleasure that it devolved on us this year to visit these three Classes. We spent the early part of our ministry in the two former, and we had often been within the limits of the latter. They met this year about the same time; but as we live in an age of railroad communication, it was easy to pass from one to the other, from Shippensburg to Smithfield, in Va., and then back again over the Potomac, to Jefferson in Md., in time, at least, to take part in the missionary meetings appointed by the Classes. It was all familiar ground, the Cumberland Valley, the North and South Mountains, the Potomac, Harper's Ferry, and the smiling valleys on either side of the Catoctin hills. But the old ministers whom we used to see in these Classes were not there. Of those who formed the Maryland Classis, thirty years ago, all have fallen asleep or moved away to other places. In the Mercersburg Classis there was only one left, the Rev. F. A. Rupley, and him we found presiding over the deliberations of Classis in the most genial and fatherly style. The places of the absent ones were mostly filled by those whom we used to cheer and encourage as boys in climbing up the hills of science together at school. The territory occupied by these Classes, it is well known, was the first that was required to introduce the English language in the services of the sanctuary. At the present time, the German language is probably not used in a single church of American origin. With the change of language came a revival of religious feeling and church life, and this English part of the Church became the most prominent in building up institutions of learning, and in the promotion of the cause of missions, education and other objects of benevolence. Its influence was felt far and wide, and it is still felt. We found progress in every direction. Missionary zeal has not declined. It has rather revived. In looking over the reports of the Classical treasurers, we learned that the contributions to missions and other benevolent objects was larger last year than during the year preceding. Mercersburg Classis,* which was taken out of the Maryland Classis a good while ago, as a small portion of it running up into Pennsylvania, is now the stronger of the two in membership, congregations and ministers. The Virginia Classis, the older daughter of the Maryland Classis, which has not made such rapid progress, owing to various circumstances, is nevertheless growing and showing new life and energy. It has a future before it. Emigration from the North has been flowing into the Valley steadily since the war, and it is not likely to cease or diminish for many years to come. It will replenish and strengthen our own, as well as other Churches. As we rode from the station in the stage through Jefferson county, the driver pointed out to us the houses of many well-to-do farmers from Pennsylvania. At the communion on Sunday, brother Fisher reported three additions to his church from Armstrong county. In passing through Lee town, we concluded, in company with Dr. Vandersloot, now in Old Virginia, to seek to get an inside view of the house in which General Lee, of Revolutionary fame, once lived, and where he died as a misanthrope, who neither admired Gen. Washington, nor loved the Presbyterians. We expected, of course, to meet with one of the old Virginia families. But what was our surprise, when the ladies presented themselves and informed us that they had come from Greencastle, where they had seen us before. We did not learn what sort of people lived in the houses of Generals Gates and Stevens, also of the Revolution, which were situated not far off along the same pike. At the different Classes we learned that congregational missionary societies are gradually being established, and with good effect. But why should the progress be so slow? We do not know. It may be possibly a good omen, because what is destined to be permanently good and useful, is often a plant of slow growth. But we think the time has come when we should make greater strides. Faster, brethren, faster. Something of this kind is absolutely necessary in a Church like ours.

Ascension Day in Middletown Valley.

After the Maryland Classis had adjourned, a number of the brethren tarried a day or so at Jefferson, ascended the Catoctin ridge, and looked at the Middletown Valley. It was a charming sight at this season of the year, when nature had put on her festal robes, and the bright green of the valley below contrasts so well with the dark blue or purple mountains in the distance. It is no wonder that the soldiers from the South and the North

*Mercersburg Classis, as now constituted, embraces only one or two congregations which once belonged to Maryland Classis.

were so charmed with this little valley when their armies passed through it during the war. A sight of it is worth a trip across the Atlantic, just as much so as Harper's Ferry. The English traveler, who thought so, expressed no doubt as truthful a judgment as did Mr. Jefferson. Riding over to Middletown from Jefferson on Ascension day, through a balmy atmosphere, filled with the delightful fragrance of opening flowers, it seemed to us that it was just on such a day as this, as we know that it was just at this season of the year, on which our Saviour ascended up on high.—The day was profitably spent by the Reformed church at Middletown, under the charge of the Rev. T. F. Hoffmeier. The Sunday School held its annual celebration, which this year had the character of a missionary festival. The church was beautifully decorated, so profusely that we shall not attempt to describe it. A number of ministers were present and took part in the religious exercises, the Rev. S. S. Miller, Rev. N. H. Skyles, Rev. J. Spangler Kieffer, the pastor, and the Superintendent of Missions. The scholars sang beautiful hymns, suited to the occasion, and brought forth offerings with their missionary gifts. Among the emblematical representations, we saw a ship; it was the gospel ship, carrying our missionary, Mr. Gring, to Japan. The audience was immense, and embracing so many different kinds of people, young and old, remarkably attentive and orderly. The missionary offerings of the children, with the basket collections, were considerable. It was sufficient to cover the amount assessed by Classis on this church for the erection of a chapel for the Washington mission, in which the Classis at present takes a deep interest. Ascension Day is a very suitable occasion for churches to present missionary gifts. The Middletown congregation is doing well, and the last Ascension Day will not soon be forgotten, either by the writer or others.

A Touching Appeal.

A faithful, successful and self-dying missionary of our Church writes to the Superintendent as follows:

"I am greatly in need of a new artificial leg, but as I am serving a mission charge with a small salary, I am not able to raise the amount required for a good leg, about \$100. Please allow me, therefore, to solicit your aid. If my more fortunate brethren in the ministry would kindly contribute a small amount personally, and ask a few of their members to do the same, the amount could be easily raised. It would greatly add to my comfort, but especially to my usefulness."

This speaks for itself. Persons desirous of assisting this missionary in his work, will remit their gifts to the treasurer Wm. H. Seibert, at Harrisburg, or to the Superintendent of Missions, at Lancaster, Pa.

ZION'S CLASSIS.

This Classis held its 59th Annual Session in Jacob's church, York county, Rev. J. D. Zehring, pastor, May 16-19th.

The opening sermon was preached by the retiring president, Rev. A. Warner, from Rom. 12: 1, after which the Classis was organized by choosing Rev. J. J. Heller, of Arendtsville, Pa., president; Rev. U. Henry Heilman, of Duncannon, Pa., for Sec'y; and continuing the other officers. The attendance of the delegates was full, and the interest, during all the sessions, unabated. The routine of business was transacted with dignity and dispatch. The only items of general interest being the licensure of Messrs. S. M. Hench and Lewis Worle; the adoption of the amendments to the Constitution; the division of the Abbotstown charge into two pastoral charges, as follows:—Abbotown, New Oxford, and New Chester constituting one; and East Berlin and Hampton constituting the other; the continuation of a Committee on Reconstruction, and its investiture with plenary power to divide Christchurch charge, during the Classical year; continuation of District Sunday-school Commissions; recommendation to the churches establish missionary societies in their congregations; the cause of Beneficiary Education was heartily commended to the people; the failure of Classis to adopt the \$1,000 apportioned by Synod, for Chapel erection at Washington, D. C.; Home and Foreign Miss received the attention of Classis; Classis journeyed to meet in Annual Meeting in the Rmed church at Littlestown, Adams county, on Thursday Evening, May 20th, A. D. 1879, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Thus ended a pleasant harmonious meeting of Classis. The marrying element in the cup of joy was enfeebled and broken-down condition of a of the brethren in the ministry by *overwork*. Once so full of health and vivacity, they are now suffering the painful fruits of *overwork*, mental and physical toil required of them, by the ponderous and overgrown past-charges which they have had to serve. The Great Head of the Church, in His infirmity, speedily restore them to health as the united prayer of the brethren of Classis of Zion.

REPORTER.

State of Religion in Classis.

We have given the report the brethren as much consideration as a limited time would permit. From the gathering a number of items of interest. Great Head of the Church vouchsafed us ministering servants, with several *visions*, uninterrupted health, during the enabling them to prosecute their work their respective charges with comfort and ease, for which tokens of His favor tender Him their devout thanks.

The Gospel has been faithfully preached and the sacraments have been recently administered in all the charges (sing this Classis).

The attendance upon ordinary services of the sanctuary seems on the increase in all our churches—*law* in a number of them, and the close an given to the preached word on the many worshipers, gives pleasing evi of a growing interest in this ordinary Divine appointment.

The membership of have a more intelligent apprehension formerly of their Christian relations to children God has given them, and are gently led to dedicate them through sacrament of Holy Baptism to the service of Chief Shepherd as the lambs of His fold, very few parents are at present found *neglecting* this important duty. The disparity in the confirmed and communicant *map* of the Church is continually becoming which your committee regard as a *token* of a more profound recognition *heretofore* of their obligation to celebrate Holy Communion of the body and blood of Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ *as fully* as possible.

Much attention is given by all the pastors to the catechization of the young, large numbers of whom have been brought together in many of the congregations during the past winter and prepared for full communion in the Church by the blessing of confirmation.

Our Sunday-school work is constantly growing in favor and efficiency as is attested by a number of reports of the brethren. The holding of Conventions in a number of the charges has certainly contributed, in a great measure, to the present encouragingly prosperous condition of the nursery of the Church, the Sunday-schools within our bounds.

There always has been a failure on the part of our people to respond heartily and fully to all the claims of the Church upon their benevolence—their contributions falling in many instances far short of what is needed to carry on successfully the benevolent operations of the Church. The complaint is made this year of some manifesting an illiberal, yea, even a spirit of indifference in this direction. May we not hope, however, that the stringency of monetary affairs in our land has in part occasioned the lack of means in our treasury, and that with a revival of industrial interests throughout the country, there will also be a corresponding growth in benevolent contributions. The work of Missions, Beneficiary Education, Sustentation, and Church Extension, must not be overlooked by any of the members of Christ's Body, inasmuch as by this means mainly have we become what we are, as a part of the Holy Catholic Church of Christ, in this country, and the energetic employment of this means will be just as necessary to our future growth.

The reports of the pastors do not fail to remind us, that all their people are not devoted Christians—are not making rapid advancement in the divine life—that some are sluggish, indifferent, derelict—that some are even disobedient. This calls for greater faithfulness on the part of pastors and people, that such may be reclaimed, animated by a spirit of diligence, and manifest greater zeal and energy in the cause, which, by their covenant vows, they have espoused. Whilst lamenting these imperfections, we are exhorted to labor and pray for the gradual removal of all hindrances in the way of the Church's complete victory over all her foes. In view of what the Saviour has done for us in the past, let us take fresh courage and go forward with our work, in firm reliance upon His promise to be with us always, even unto the end, and then, when the full perfection of His Kingdom takes place, in which He shall be all in all, we shall dwell therein and enjoy its blessings forever. Amen and Amen.

Respectfully submitted,
I. S. WEISZ, Chairman.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

The Cantata of Joseph's Bondage, a musical composition, consisting of solos, duets, trios, quartets and choruses, was rendered in Sunbury, on the 15th and 16th, and in Milton, Pa., on the 17th of May, for the benefit of the Reformed congregations of these places. Of the performers, twenty-four in number, thirteen are members of the Reformed Church, Sunbury, Pa., of which Rev. C. S. Gerhard is pastor, whilst two others also sing regularly in the choir. The company was organized by Fred. K. Hill, Esq., eldest son of Elder George Hill, as musical director, under whose efficient leadership the choir of the church, an important feature of which is a cornet played by Mr. J. Weiser Bucher, has become noted throughout the community for the excellent music which it produces. To advertise the entertainment as thoroughly as possible, the managers published a little newspaper, called "The Cantata," during the week previous to the concert.

Four separate editions of this paper, the entire first page of which was devoted to editorials and local news, of from one thousand to fifteen hundred copies each, on as many different days, were issued in Sunbury, and two others in Milton. Oriental costumes, rich, handsome and appropriate, were procured from Philadelphia, to make the representation as vivid as possible. No labor, expense or trouble were spared to make the Cantata a success. The entire congregation, pastor and people, took a warm interest in the successful termination of the undertaking. Their labors were abundantly rewarded, when, on the first evening, the house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the second evening also brought out a good audience. Encouraged by the efforts of their pastor, Bro. S. B. Schafer, the Reformed congregation at Milton, as well as the community generally, gave the company a similarly flattering reception there.

The entertainment itself surprised and pleased every one. The local papers vie with each other in extolling the fine singing, the costumes, and the scenery. But best of all, besides giving universal satisfaction, and netting a handsome profit, the congregation has been wonderfully stimulated and encouraged. Speaking of the concert, and the church services, which have of late been remarkably well attended, not only by our own members, but also by "outsiders," the older people say, "We are in a better condition now than we have ever been."

Of those of our own church, who took part in the singing, and who are known through some parts of the Church at large, and remembered by former pastors, may be mentioned Miss Lizzie, daughter of Elder N. F. Martz; Miss Christie, daughter of Val. Dietz; Miss Emma, daughter of Rev. D. O. Shoemaker; Miss Jennie, daughter of Mr. Henry Clement; Miss Mary and Master Ambrose, son and daughter of Elder George Hill; Dr. Richtine, formerly of Harrisburg; and Claudius Persons, who gratefully remembers his foster mother, the Reformed Church in the United States.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Rev. Hiram King, of Bellefonte, Pa., has accepted a call from the church recently organized on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. His post-office address will accordingly hereafter be Ridgely, Caroline county, Md. The holy communion was held in the church in Bellefonte, Pa., on the 25th instant, the closing service of the late pastorate. The number of communicants was large, and twelve persons were added to the church.

Rev. J. S. Foulke, recently of Northumberland, Pa., has taken charge of the First Presbyterian Church, Stockton, Hunterdon County, New Jersey.

Seventeen persons have been added to the Millersville charge, Rev. J. P. Moore, pastor, in connection with the Spring communions,

eight to the Millersville congregation, six by confirmation and two by certificate, seven to the Rohrerstown congregation, by confirmation, and two to the Conestoga Centre congregation.

In connection with the communion held on the 25th of May, in the church at Pottsville, Pa., Rev. J. P. Stein, pastor, twenty-two persons were added to the church by confirmation. Of this number, fourteen came from New Castle, a collier village at the foot of Broad Mountain, the fruits of a series of catechetical services held in that place. At Grace church, at Cressona, of the same charge, thirty-seven persons were added to the Church on the 11th of May, twenty-one by confirmation and sixteen by certificate.

Rev. D. W. Gerhard, pastor of New Holland charge, preached his twelfth anniversary sermon in his congregations on the 25th of May and 1st of June. The following summary statement was embodied in it. Preached during his entire pastorate, one thousand, eight hundred and one sermons, including two hundred and ninety-seven funeral sermons; baptized four hundred and nineteen, and confirmed three hundred and twenty-four. The sum of \$3,200 was expended in church properties, and \$2,740 given to benevolent objects. During the past year, he preached one hundred and sixty-eight sermons, including thirty-seven funeral services; made four hundred and seventy-five calls, and travelled two thousand four hundred and twenty-five miles. He confirmed twenty-five persons and baptized twenty-seven. The benevolent contributions amounted to \$103.24.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The Sunday-school of the church at Frederick, Md., of which the Rev. Dr. E. R. Eschbach is pastor, held a very interesting anniversary service on Ascension day. A full account of it is published in the "Frederick Examiner." We regret that our limits will allow us to present only a very brief notice of the occasion. The attendance was unusually large; the decorations very handsome; the music excellent, and the speeches by the pastor and the Rev. J. T. Rossiter interesting and appropriate. All passed off pleasantly and happily. The offerings of the school amounted to \$87, and the collection taken on the occasion \$17, aggregating \$104. The celebration was in every respect such as was to be expected from this school, which has for years excelled in such matters.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

The pastor of the Wellersburg charge, the Rev. H. Knepper, informs us, that the cornerstone of what is to be known as Comp's church, Somerset county, Pa., was laid on the 22d of May, in the midst of interesting and appropriate services. A large number of persons were present. After the opening services had taken place, a well prepared sermon was preached by the Lutheran pastor, Rev. W. F. Pfahler, based on 1 Cor. 3: 11, who was followed in a German discourse, by the Reformed pastor, Rev. H. Knepper, based on Zech. 8: 9. Nearly \$200 were secured towards the erection of the church, after which the laying of the corner-stone took place, which service was conducted by the Reformed pastor, the Lutheran pastor uniting in placing the right hand upon the stone, during the act of consecration. A tin box was inserted in the stone, which contains a Bible, Lutheran Hymn Book, all the necessary writings, a copy of the Reformed "Messenger," "Christian World," and "Reformirte Hausfreund." The building committee, which is composed of two members each from the Reformed and Lutheran congregations, are prosecuting the work entrusted to them with efficiency and success.

This church is erected in consequence of the provision made in the will of the late Mr. Samuel Comp, by which he bequeathed \$1000 towards the erection of a church for the use jointly of the Lutheran and Reformed congregations. This bequest is necessarily supplemented by contributions from the members of the two congregations.

WESTERN CHURCH.

In connection with the services preparatory to the Whiteside communion, held in the church at Galion, Ohio, on the 25th of May, Rev. Dr. J. H. Klein, pastor, confirmed a class of sixteen catechumens. In addition to these, eight persons, all heads of families, were previously added to the Church, making the additions for the year twenty-four.

In connection with the Spring communions held in the Winchester, Ohio, charge, Rev. S. P. Mauger, pastor, nineteen persons were added to the Church, eleven to the Winchester, five to the Salem and three to Job's congregation.

Five persons have been added to the Anna, Illinois, charge, Rev. S. P. Meyers, pastor, in connection with the Spring communions, four of whom are heads of families.

In connection with a communion held on the 25th of April in the Grace church, Columbiana, O., Rev. H. T. Spangler, pastor, eleven persons were added to the Church, four by confirmation, two of whom received adult baptism, five by certificate and two by renewal of profession. F.

LETTER LIST.

Antrim, D. L., Albright, J. Ayer, N. W. & Son.
Binkley, H. K. (6), Benninger, W. B., Beaer, J., Bachman, Rev. M., Bartholomew, W., Beam, Rev. S. Z., Bauman, B. F., Bowman, G. W.
Christman, C. K., Craig, J. V. & Co., Crider & Bro., Cook, L. M.
Donat, Rev. W., Dehoff, S., Ditmar, Rev. D. N., Dengler, Rev. J. G.
Evans, Rev. J. M., Edwards, J. H.
Ferrer, Rev. B. B. (2), Foulke, Rev. J. S., Firor, D. S.
Gurley, Rev. G. D., Green, W. S., Gerhart, Rev. R. L., Green, E. E., Gerhard, Rev. C. S., Geiger, C. A., Gerhard, Rev. D. W., Glessner, U. L., Giesey, Rev. Dr. S. H., Gorgas, S.
Hackman, Rev. W. G., Hoffman, Rev. H., Heilman, Dr. S. P., Hartman, D., Heyser, W., Heilmaa, Rev. C. W. (2), Hoffmeier, Rev. H. W., Johnson, H.
Kessler, R., Kershner, M., Kryder, J. C., Kreider, W. B., King, Rev. H. (2), Klein, Rev. Dr. J. H.
Ledy, Rev. D. B., Lohr, S. G., Lynn, H. N., Levan, Rev. P. K., Luckett, Miss E., Leinbach, Rev. C. H., Landis, Rev. H. M., Leberman, Rev. D. D., Leiby, E. B.
Miller, Rev. Dr. J. O., Mook, S., Mingle, H. A., Marburger, M. L., Miller, J. C., Miller, D., Miller, G. K., Meckley, Rev. J., Mease, Rev. Dr. S., Miller, D., Miller, Rev. J. D., Meese, G. C.
Nisley, J. D., Nagle, J. C.
Ponions, Rev. J. W.
Reber, Rev. T. N., Rothrock, Rev. D., Reamer, M. M., Reiter, Rev. D. H., Rittenhouse, Miss A., Riegel, M. J. (2), Rodrock, Rev. W. D. C.
Summey, S., Snyder, J. F. (2), Stursberg, A., Sherman, G. F., Syky, Rev. J. H. (2), Snyder, Rev. N. Z., Savitz, J., Schweitzer, Rev. S., Siegel, Rev. C. W. E., Skyles, Rev. N. H., Smith, A. N., Schaeffer, Rev. W. C., Saxman, D. J., Soehler, Rev. J. H., Schaeffer, B. (2), Shriver, H. W., Segnor, J., Sangree Rev. M. H., Schwartz, C. H., Stanley, M.
Truxal, Rev. A. E.
Wolf, B. Jr., Wissler, Rev. H., Wagoner, J. K., Wetzel, F., Wint, Rev. J. F., Whitmore, Rev. D. M., Wagner, J. S., Wagner, J. C.
Yoder, N. D., Yorgey, I. H.

Youth's Department.

NOT IN VAIN.

If ever thou hast paused to aid
A sorer heart than thine,
Then o'er thy lot of sorrow played
A beam of love divine.
And though thy dreams of glory fly,
And pleasure turn to pain,
And name and fame in darkness lie,
Thou hast not lived in vain!

Do h sorrow's tear-drop dim thine eye?
Doth sadness cloud thy brow?
The God who reigns o'er earth and sky,
Was once more sad than thou;
His brow was dark, His eye was dim,
His heart was wrung with pain—
O, mourner! hast thou lived like Him?
Thou hast not lived in vain!

The blighted joy, the hope grown dim,
The heart's despairing wall,
They do but bring thee nearer Him
Whose mercies never fail.
If sorrow to a Father's heart
Doth closer bind thy chain,
Oh, then, be sure, where'er thou art,
Thou hast not lived in vain!

Then weep not life's neglected worth,
Nor hopes that bloom to die,
The seed that now lies hid in earth
Shall ripen in the sky.
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And sun and stars shall wane,
Through endless ages shalt thou say,
I have not lived in vain!

—Selected.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

Little Willie Morley was a hunchback; there was no mistake about it; he was quite deformed. His parents were very poor, and when he was a little boy, almost a baby, a girl, sadly too young and thoughtless, who had the charge of him while his parents were at work, let him fall through an open window, and said nothing about it for fear she would be blamed. The window was not very high, or the poor child might have been killed; but his spine was injured, and he became cross and fretful. A long time after the accident his poor little back grew out, and the parents learnt to their grief and dismay that their dear little boy would always be a cripple; a deformed, weak, painful-looking object; incapable of running about, or indulging in active games like other boys.

How naughty of the young girl to keep such a painful accident to herself, and to say nothing about it to any one. We should not like to have been in her place; for, perhaps, if he had been properly attended to at once this might not have happened, or, at least, the consequences might not have been so serious. She was obliged to confess it later, poor child, when the doctors were sure that some dreadful accident had happened. She was then greatly distressed and had no idea of the risk she had been running, when, to shield herself from blame, she kept the fall such a secret. Let it be a warning to all girls who read this, and are entrusted with the care of infants or young children.

Willie's mother shed many bitter tears in secret over her little boy's blighted life. She pictured him to herself unable to play with other boys; a silent and longing, but helpless watcher of their sports; and then, worse than all, there came the bitter dread lest some cruel or thoughtless boys should taunt her gentle spirited lad with his deformity, and call him by names that she could not even in the silence of her chamber bring herself to pronounce. Then she saw in fancy Willie's cheeks flush, and his eyes flash—then fill with big tears, and the mother's heart grew very sore, and she almost wished that the grave had closed over her darling in his infancy. She did not know that God, the great Father, had work for Willie to do for Him.

Willie's mother was a sensible woman; and poor though she was, she tried to prepare her little boy for the future that lay before him; so when one day Willie saw the tears rushing to her eyes, when she was dressing him, and told him that he "must go to school," he said, innocently, "Why do you cry, mother; don't you want me to go?"

"Was I crying, darling?" said the mother, turning away her head and trying to smile.

"Yes," said the boy. "There, you are crying now. What is it, mother?"

I dare say I shall be very happy at school."

Then Willie's mother told him that she was thinking of his poor back, and that she was afraid sometimes he might meet with boys who would be rude to him; boys who did not love the Lord Jesus, and might even say things to wound him, and make fun of his infirmity; and she besought him to bear it patiently, and to look to God for strength, remembering that he was in His care, and perhaps all the dearer to Him because of his affliction, if he would only give himself to God, and render him all the service he could. Then Willie knelt down and promised to be the Lord's child, and to do all he could for Him, asking for grace to be meek and patient under his sorrows. Willie kissed his mother, who was then a widow, and went cheerfully to school, feeling that he had a divine Protector able to shield him from all harm.

But were there any boys so cruel as to make fun of Willie, and to say things that would pierce his poor little heart, and fill it with sorrow? We must tell the truth, however painful, and however creditable it may be to human nature. Willie no sooner entered the school-room, than two or three pairs of round and laughing eyes were turned upon him, and he heard whispers not at all calculated to comfort and reassure him. The master was very kind, however, and so were one or two little boys who sat next him. Willie tried not to see the big boys who had whispered, and when school was over he lingered behind until the boys had nearly all left the room, and then he walked quietly home.

"You have come back, my darling," said Willie's mother, looking anxiously at her child, yet scarcely daring to ask any questions, for her heart was very full still. "Were any of the boys rude to you?"

"No," said Willie, "they did not speak to me. I waited behind until they had nearly all gone." Willie did not say that he had heard cruel whispers.

"That was right, my boy, never expose yourself to be pushed and jostled, a fall might be very serious for you." Willie's mother felt comforted that the first morning at school had been got over, as she thought, so well; not knowing how thoughtless and wicked two or three of the boys at school were.

From the first moment that these boys saw Willie they determined to have some sport with him, and to tease and annoy him. They began at first by calling him names—names discreditable to boys with any generosity or manliness in them; and when they found that they could not irritate him or provoke him to anger, or cause him to strike a blow, they became very angry, for they felt that the poor little fellow that they were disposed to ridicule and insult, was very greatly their superior; and that he had what they lacked, something of the temper of the gracious and loving Saviour, and a sense of His protection, which enabled him to rise above their scorn. So they determined to lay plans for his humiliation and annoyance, for the children of the evil one have always disliked the children of the light. Willie knew that he was the object of their scorn and dislike, yet, though he shed many tears in secret which only the Great Father saw, he nobly refrained from telling his mother of his troubles, for fear of wounding her gentle heart.

One day these wicked boys had devised a plan for making Willie run: they had a great desire, they said, to see how the hunchback would manage it. So they got round him one afternoon on coming out of school, and contriving to jostle him, pushed him up against the window of a small sweetmeat shop with such force as to break it. Then they set off to run, exclaiming, "Run, Hunchback—your back has been through the window." The boys were out of sight in a minute, turning down a narrow by-street, expecting to see Willie after them as fast as his strength would permit. But in this they were disappointed; the little fellow, although very much frightened and distressed, on his mother's account, stood his ground. He did not

attempt to run, or to deny that by being pushed against it he had broken the window.

The owner of the shop, a rough man, with his wife by his side, rushed out with intent to bestow a few hearty cuffs upon the breaker of the window; but when he saw only a poor little deformed boy, looking up into his face with sweet, clear, truthful eyes, making no attempt to deny it, or to run away, he refrained, rough as he was, merely saying, "A very pretty piece of business this is. Where do you live? Your mother will have to pay for it. I can't afford to be at the loss. Tell me where she lives this minute."

"I was pushed up against it," said Willie, bursting into tears, "or I should not have broken it. Mother lives at number 4 Carden Street."

"Who pushed you against it?" said the man, believing Willie's words.

"Three of my school-fellows."

"Well, you must tell the master and get them punished. Your mother must pay me for the window, and get the money from them afterwards, if she can. Why do you cry; will your mother beat you?"

"Oh, no," said Willie, "but she is so very poor; and she will be so distressed to think that the boys were unkind to me."

The man and his wife looked troubled.

"What is the matter?" said a lady, coming up at that moment. "Has this little fellow broken your window?"

"Yes," said the shopkeeper, "he says he was pushed up against it, and that his mother is poor; but we might be always having our windows broken if we were to take that as an excuse."

"I will pay it for him," said the lady; "don't let the child be distressed. Go home, my boy, I will make it all right for you; and here, take this to your mother," putting a shilling into his hand.

"He is a good lad, I believe," said the shopkeeper; "he did not attempt to deny it, or to run away, as he might have done."

The lady took down Willie's address, paid the shopkeeper for the broken window, and went her way.

"You see, mother," said Willie, when he got home, and had given his mother a full account of all the circumstances, "God did not let me be hurt by those boys, nor you be wronged. My Protector is up in the sky."

"Yes, my dear."

"Mother," said Willie again, after half an hour's silence, "I would rather be as I am, poor and deformed, and be loved and protected by God, than be rich and well shaped, and not know Him."

Willie's mother was comforted, but her heart ached. Could it be that boys in their wanton thoughtlessness had been making a jest of her poor little boy's infirmity, and even ill-treating him, and that he had borne it meekly and patiently, and never once spoken of it for fear of distressing his mother? Yes, it was so; but then Willie had a Comforter up in the sky, as well as a Protector; and strange as it may seem to thoughtless and unworthy children, the Comforter enabled him to rise above insults and injuries, so that he carried no burden, and was scarcely distressed by them.

The broken window and the boys' rudeness proved to be a great blessing to Willie, for the lady never lost sight of him while she lived. Having no children of her own, the Lord put it into her heart to care for this little deformed one and his widowed mother, who had so tenderly brought him up. She paid for his schooling, and when he grew older had him placed in an office, where after a time he became head clerk, and obtained a handsome salary, being greatly prized by his employer for his strict integrity. He was first and foremost in every good word and work. He was the comfort and support of his mother in her old age, a teacher in the Sunday School, and a useful and able advocate of the temperance cause, while he turned many to righteousness by his pure and noble example.

Long before her death, his mother ceased to shed tears on his account, and looked with pride upon her son, who was so greatly beloved and esteemed by God's people, for he was a member of a Christian Church, and would one day, in that higher and blessed world, "shine as the stars for ever and ever."

—British Juvenile.

EACH IN HIS OWN WAY.

All great works are done by serving God with what we have on hand. Moses was keeping sheep in Midian. God sent him to save Israel, but he shrank from the undertaking. We sympathize with Jethro's herdsman, alone and a stranger, owning not a lamb that he watched. He had nothing but his shepherd's rod cut out of a thicket, the mere crabstick with which he guided his sheep. Any day he might throw it away and cut a better one. And God said:

"What is that in thine hand? With this rod, with this stick, thou shalt save Israel." And so it proved.

"What is that thou hast in thy hand, stranger?" "An ox-goad with which I urge my lazy beast." Used for God, Shamgar's ox-goad defeats the Philistines.

"What is that in thine hand, David?"

"My sling with which I keep the wolves from the sheep." Yet with that sling he slew Goliath, whom an army dared not meet.

"What is that in thine hand, disciple?"

"Nothing but five barley loaves and two little fishes." "Bring them to me; give them to God." And the multitude was fed.

"What hast thou, Dorcas?" "My needle." "Use it for God, and those coats and garments keep multiplying, and are clothing the naked still."—Bible Student.

DARE TO SAY NO.

Dare to say no when you're tempted to drink; Pause for a moment, my boy, and think; Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed, For answering yes without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain; Think of the tears that will fall like the rain; Think of her heart—ah! how cruel the blow! Think of her love and at once answer no.

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl; Think of the danger to body and soul; Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow, Look to them now, and at once answer no.

Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath; Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;

Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe, Might have been heaven had the answer been no.

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown, Hiding fair hopes that were fair as your own; Think of proud forms now forever laid low, That still might be here had they learned to say no.

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl, Driving to ruin both body and soul; Think of all this as life's journey you go, And when you're assailed by the tempter say no.

—M. Snyder.

ADELE'S WISH.

The folding-doors were open between the children's play-room and the bedroom in which I was sleeping, during a short visit I paid to my aunt, some few weeks ago. I overheard one of the two little ones who were playing there say to her sister: "Tita, cousin Annie will have some stars in her crown, won't she?" And the answer she got was this: "Yes, Adele, for she has brought all her class to Jesus." Just then I entered, and Adele, running to me, and looking up into my face, said, "Annie, am I too young to lead any one to Jesus?" "Well, darling," I answered, "have you come to Him yourself?" "Yes," she quickly replied, "and I do so love Him." "Then," I said, "I am sure you can tell some little ones what a Friend you have found, and try and lead them to love Him too."

Some days after, we were walking home from service (it was the Lord's day) when we came up to a little fellow playing his top on the footwalk. The children said, "Oh, do stop and tell him

what he is doing; perhaps he does not know he is grieving Jesus." So we stayed awhile, and spoke a few words to him, but he seemed not to care; and when we passed on, Tita said, "He will be sorry to think of this when he comes to love Jesus." Then Adele suggested that they should remember to pray for him that night when going to bed, which they did.

On the following Sunday, when the circumstance had passed from my mind, Adele said to me, "That boy is not playing his top here to-day; do you think he has come to Jesus yet? I did pray for him, and that you know is one way of bringing him to the Saviour. Oh, I would like to have a star in my crown!"

The words have been ringing in my ears ever since; I thought perhaps if I wrote them down they might be a message to some other lambs of the flock, and make them wish that they too might have a star in their crown. You remember God's Word tells us that those who win souls to Jesus are truly wise, and that "they that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever." Dear children, you who do love Jesus, do not have a starless crown.—London Christian.

FACTS OF GEOGRAPHY.

Greece is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindustan is more than 100 times as large as Palestine.

The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make Sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

Pleasantries.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

He was bound to be accurate, and he described the woman's costume thus: "She wore an elegant suit of something or other, cut bias, and trimmed end-wise."

"My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "our club is going to have all the home comforts." "Indeed," replied the wife; "and when, pray, is our home to have all the club comforts?"

It is heart-rending to make such corrections, but it is very necessary sometimes. "In speaking of the president of our local bank last week," says a country journal, "for 'He skeddaddled' please read 'His schedule.'"

"Mamma," said a wicked youngster, "am I your canoe?" "No, child, why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own canoe; and I didn't know but may be I was yours." The boy went out of the door with more reference to speed than grace.

It must be gratifying to parents to know their boys have so perfectly acquired Latin that they are able to use it in ordinary discourse. Two of them were one day engaged in pummeling each other, when a third cried out, "Soc et tuum, Romeo!"

The editor of the Yonkers Statesman sings this of his flower-bed:

Formed long ago, but made this spring,
I'm most disturbed, when honest folks retire,
By cats who scratch and pitch their voice to sing
Most heavenly mew-sick to their dead Moriah.

"Glad to see you dressed for Sunday School, George; it's the first time you have been for six weeks." George: "I know it, father; but Tom Green says the new pirate and cannibal books have come, and I'm going every Sunday, steady."

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

JUNE 15. LESSON 24. 1879.

First Sunday after Trinity.—Genesis i. 26-31.

THE CREATION OF MAN.

26. ¶ And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the creeping things that creep upon the earth: after his kind; and God saw that it was so.

27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

28. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

29. ¶ And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.

30. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so.

31. And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

COMMENTS.—That man was the last creature created by God is taught us in the Bible. Human learning, as far as it has come, must confirm this truth. Revelation and Science, both place the creation of man about six thousand years back. No discoveries have ever been able to prove that a longer period has passed by, since our first parents lived. We ought to be thankful for this record of our origin. Cast this saying of Moses aside, and we are left in total darkness as to the beginning of our race. How silly to doubt its truth, when men are not able, with all their learning, to contradict it, or prepared to give us a better account!

In the first and second chapters of Genesis we have brief but plain statements of man's creation. In chapter 2, verse 7, we read: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." It may also read: "And the Lord God fashioned the man," (the Adam)—that is—the head of mankind. Here we learn, that man's body was formed of the ground; and that a soul was breathed into him. The breath of life is sometimes read—the breath of lives—that is—*natural, mental, and spiritual* life. That is man's constitution to this day, consisting of body, soul and spirit. Why should we not believe gladly all that Moses writes of our Father Adam, when our eyes see the same things in ourselves?

VERSE 26. *Let us make man.*—We notice a change of language here. When man was to be created, it is not simply written, "God created," (vs. 1, 21), or "God made," (vs. 7, 16, 25), or "let there be," (vs. 3, 6, 9, 11, 14, 10, 24); but a very different style is adopted. *Let Us.* The Father, Son and Holy Spirit are here represented as counselling and acting together. That a new order of creature-being is to come forth, is also implied by what follows:—*In Our image, likeness.* The word *image* is generally taken to describe man's inner being—his mind, soul, spirit; his conscience and will. Since "God is a Spirit," it is best to understand the word *image* to apply to his interior constitution, which *images* his Maker. *Likeness* may there be understood of man's form, which was fashioned after our Lord Jesus Christ. An old writer says: "For God made man after the pattern of Jesus Christ." The Creator adopted the best model after which to form His last creature—His master piece.

And let them have dominion. Although but one being is spoken of, the word *them* may be used here, since in verse 27 we read, *male and female created He them.* Moses speaks of the first human pair. The higher nature of man shows itself in his kingship over all the lower orders of creation. His lordship over the earth and its creatures is plainly taught us, in detail now. See verses 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, in connection. This dominion of man over the world is further taught us in chapter 2, verses 19, 20, where we see how Adam named all living creatures. This implied a wonderful knowledge in Adam, and a power and use of Language, too. He called them by suitable and proper names. And still further may we see something of Adam's exalted and ruling position in chapter 2, verses 15-17, where we learn that he stood in direct intercourse with his Maker. Read also verses 8, 9, in chapter 3.

From this account we may be sure that our race did not begin in a weak parentage, which gradually grew stronger and developed into its present state; but, plainly, that its origin was a lofty one. There never was a child of Adam equal to its great father in Paradise. Doubtless his body, mind and spirit constituted him a perfect human being, which cannot be said of any of his offspring.

27. As the foregoing relates what God had planned in His own mind, we are now told that it was all duly executed. Adam and Eve were created in God's image, after the model set for them in the divine mind.

28. *And God blessed them.* This Benediction was of such a nature as to endow them with a due supply of wisdom, power and grace for their exalted position and office. We may call it the inauguration of man, as God's agents on earth. How, but by their Maker's blessing could man be properly inducted into his royal station?

29, 30. It is to be noticed that neither man nor animal was to eat any food but *vegetables*. Herbs and fruit were allotted to the former; fowl and beast were to be confined to the growth from the earth, for meat. Before sin entered the world, it is a question whether there were any violent deaths in the Garden of Eden. We are not to suppose that plants and animals lived always, long even, before man was created; neither are we told of the state of the world outside of Eden, or that death did not reign there. Likely animals devoured each other, during the foregoing ages, and all around the garden-spot which God had prepared for man. This Eden was for him the world. There death did not reign, except in so far as the will of the Creator permitted it to embrace the vegetable kingdom. See chapter 2, 8-15.

32. God had so created and arranged all things that He was glorified in all, by all and through all. *Evening-Morning.* The Jews extended the term *Evening* over the entire night, and the term *Morning* over the whole day. The two constituted one day—*twenty three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds*, we calculate.

PRACTICAL THOUGHT. Let us remember our high origin, and the pattern after which we were formed. True, we are fallen; but we have a Saviour, too. God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that

whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He that forgets not whence he is, will not forget whither he ought to be going. The Prodigal son first forgot his father before he wandered not knowing whither. But as soon as he recalled his father's house he hastened homeward. The *Gott-lost* man is the *lost man*, in life and death.

PRAYER.

Prayer can obtain everything; it can open the windows of heaven and shut the gates of hell; it can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leaves a blessing; it can open the treasures of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks till they melt into tears and a flowing river; prayer can unclasp the girdles of the North, saying to a mountain of ice, Be thou removed hence, and cast into the bottom of the sea; it can arrest the sun in the midst of his course, and send the swift-winged winds upon our errands; and all those strange things, and secret decrees, and unrevealed transactions, which are above the clouds, and far beyond the regions of the stars, shall combine in ministry and advantages for the praying man.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

LOVE IS LIFE.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." This is the first and great commandment. Love is life. It is the fulfilling of the law of our being. Only as we worthily love do we truly live; only when we love with a perfect affection that which is perfectly worthy of our affection do we attain unto the supreme good of life. Concerning these truths there has been no dispute; and all that is deepest in man has affirmed them with unhesitating faith. And, therefore the first great commandment of the law has almost the force of a first truth of reason. Men have always been ready to join in the confession, "I need to love some one with heart and soul and mind; I ought to love God, the Infinitely Good, with all my heart and soul and mind." But when you have denied to God a conscious personality, what have you done with these deepest sentiments of the human nature out of which our highest morality springs? You have cut them up by the roots, or trampled them under your feet. You can not, if you try, love with all your heart and soul and mind any being that can not love you with heart and soul and mind. Personality in God is the correlate of morality in man. The word personality is one over which men quibble, but the thing is precious. A god that can not love us is a god that we can not love.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

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Time Table, in Effect Jan. 1st, 1878.

UP TRAINS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Harrisburg....	8:00	12:35	4:25	9:10
Arr. Carlisle.....	9:00	2:35	6:15	10:10
" Chambersburg.....	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown.....	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg.....	12:50	6:30		
DOWN TRAINS.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg....		7:00		2:00
" Hagerstown.....		8:25		3:25
" Chambersburg.....		9:30		4:30
" Carlisle.....		10:55		5:50
Arr. Harrisburg....		7:00	12:55	3:30

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6-quart.....8.00	30-quart.....50.00
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General News.

HOME.

The placing of the U. S. Government bonds at 4 per cent. has been so successful, that Messrs. A. J. Drexel & Co. propose to take \$10,000,000 of the debt of Philadelphia, and invest it at the same low rate. The same proposition has been made by other bankers, and Mayor Stokley has advised the authorities of the city to invite sealed proposals, and accept the offer of the lowest responsible bidder.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 31.—During the past forty-eight hours the section of country within a radius of seventy-five miles of Kansas City has been visited by most furious storms of wind and rain. As the details of the destruction of property and the loss of life come in it is evident that the disaster of to-day is more widespread than that of two years ago. The cyclone passed over several flourishing towns, literally wrecking them and leaving traces of its tremendous powers in levelled habitations, destroyed public buildings and uprooted trees. Marshall county, Kan., has suffered most this time.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., May 29.—About two o'clock a fire was discovered in the lower floor of the Washington House, in this place. Before the alarm could be given, the fire had gained such headway that the flames rushed up the stairways, completely cutting off all escape. There were upward of sixty persons on the register, besides the regular boarders, nearly all of whom were compelled to escape by climbing down the porch pillars. Several of those who escaped in this way sustained serious injuries by falling. One man made a rope of his bed clothing and attempted to escape in that way from the fourth floor, when the rope broke as he reached the third floor, and he is now in a critical condition. A child of the Agent of the Cumberland Valley R. R. road, while climbing down the porch from the fourth floor, fell and is supposed to be fatally injured. Two bodies have been found in the ruins burned to a crisp. One of them is T. Troxell, of Cumberland, and the other one is unknown. There are six persons missing, supposed to be turned in the ruins. Fifteen persons are seriously injured from falling, and about twenty slightly bruised. The Washington House was a brick building, four stories high, with a porch running along the front of each story. The origin of the fire is unknown.

BALTIMORE, May 29.—The Sun special from Hagerstown gives the following list of casualties which occurred at the burning of the Washington House at that place this morning: Thomas Troxell, Cumberland, burned to death. Wounded—F. B. Snively, Shady Grove, Pa., internally, and will probably die; Mrs. T. B. Cushman, ankle sprained and foot cut; Miss Geary, ankle sprained; J. Marshall Landis, lately of Frederick, severely burned about the face, and hands lacerated by climbing; Christian Hanicha, Cumberland, legs broken and head and face injured; Frank F. Burgess, agent of Turney & Co., Baltimore, thigh broken in two places and badly cut; Michael Shannon, Cumberland, had both wrists and back broken; James H. Axline, Hancock, Md., hip broken; Solomon Jenkins, Hancock, Md., both ankles broken and back injured; C. Henninger, Cumberland, ankle broken.

Every room in the hotel was occupied, principally by attorneys, witnesses and others attending Court. Loss on hotel and furniture, \$40,000; insured for \$26,000. Loss on personal property of boarders, \$10,000.

FOREIGN.

Mt. Etna is in a state of eruption, which, according to dispatches to the Associated Press, dated London, May 30th, is increasing. The quantity of ashes thrown out is somewhat less, but the volume of vapor has greatly increased in density. On Wednesday night a number of brilliant balls of fire were thrown to a great height, and burst aloft like rockets, emitting a fiery shower. A stream of lava is flowing apparently in the direction of the town of Randazzo. During the whole of Wednesday night loud reports like the rolling of artillery were heard. Craters have formed on two slopes of the mountain, and a double eruption is proceeding. The Aurale and Catania road is blocked and considerable damage has been done. Clouds of ashes overhang Piedmonte, which is in almost total darkness.

SIMLA, May 27.—The principal points of the Anglo-Afghan treaty have already been made known. In addition to these the treaty provides that henceforth there shall be peace and friendship between the contracting parties, that British sympathizers in Afghanistan shall be amnestied, the Ameer shall be supported against foreign aggression, that the British resident at Cabul shall be provided with a proper escort, that he shall have power to depute British agents to the Afghan frontier on special occasions, and that the Ameer shall be permitted to send agents to India. A telegraph line to Cabul will be established. Commercial affairs will form the subject of a separate convention, to be concluded before one year.

ROME, Friday, May 30, 1879.—The *Italia* says the Pope is preparing an encyclical protesting against the bill passed by the Italian Parliament requiring a civil marriage to precede the religious ceremony.

LONDON, Friday, May 30, 1879.—A dispatch from Great Britain says the treaty of peace between Great Britain and Afghanistan was ratified today. A salute of thirty one guns was fired in honor of the event.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE CLASSES.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

Lebanon Classis: Womelsdorf, Pa., June 5th, 8 o'clock, P. M.
Philadelphia Classis: Norristown, Pa., June 6th, 8 o'clock, P. M.
Lancaster Classis: Litiz, Pa., first Thursday after Whitsunday, (June 5th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.
East Susquehanna Classis: Turbotville, Pa., first Thursday after Whitsunday (June 5th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.
Goshenhoppen Classis: Wentz's church, Montgomery county, Pa., first Friday in June (6th) at 2 o'clock, P. M.
Tobacco Classis: Ridge Valley, Bucks county, Pa., first Friday in June, (6th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Clarion Classis: St. Luke's church, Kittanning, Pa., Thursday, June 5th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.
St. Paul's Classis: St. John's church, Shenango charge, Mercer county, Pa., Thursday after Whitsunday, (June 5th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

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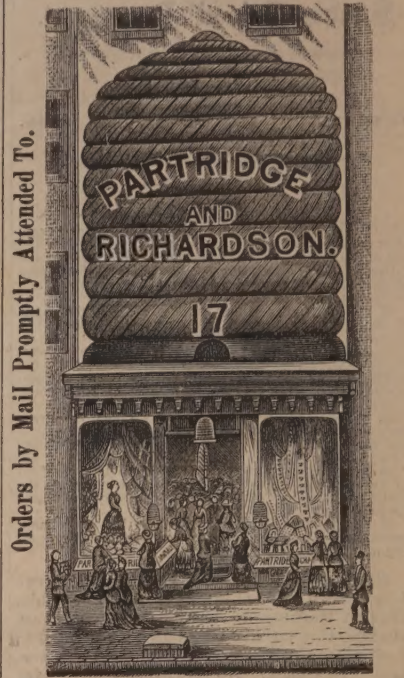
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